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THE

# CASTLE OF SANTA FE.

A Novel.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY

A CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER,

AUTHOR OF

JEALOUSY, OR THE DREADFUL MISTAKE.

Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Thro' all her works), He must delight in virtue;
And that which He delights in, must be happy.

ADDISON.

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THE

# CASTLE OF SANTA FE.

## CHAP. I.

Cold was his lodging—hard his bed;
Aloft his eyes on the wide heavens he cast,
Where we are told, peace only's found at last;
And, as he did its hopeless distance see,
Sigh'd deep, and cry'd, how far is peace from me!

OTWAY.

AFTER Adeliza's departure from the robbers' cave, their Chief, the unhappy Velasco, retired to that part appropriated to his own private use. He threw himself

on his hard pallet, in a state of mind bordering upon despair.

"Oh, God!" groaned he, "how very a wretch I am! Does creation produce another so miserable, so tortured a being, as is the undone Velasco?"

The vociferous mirth of the party in the cavern sounded in his distracted ears, like the bloody revelling of so many beasts of prey.

"Am I man!" exclaimed he; "and can I quietly consent to take up my abode in the den of murderers? True, I have as yet been but passive; still, might not that angelic creature, just gone from this horrid place, but for the interposition of Providence, have fallen a victim to the ferocious band who call me Captain?"

The bare supposition of such a thing, almost curdled the blood in his veins. For a few

a few minutes, the unhappy youth lay almost bereft of sense; the deed he *might* have witnessed, kept firm hold of his imagination: he started from his lowly posture, and, snatching the sword which lay by his bed, with trembling hands he closely grasped the fatal instrument.

"Will not," said he, with frenzied looks, "this put an everlasting termination to my woes? Shall I then, coward-like, shrink?"

He staggered a few paces, and leaned breathless against the damp wall. He put the point of his sword to the ground, and leaned upon it. He cast his thoughts toward the future; all appeared a dark and dreary void, through which there did not pierce one single ray of light or comfort. Hope, ah, how delusive! was entirely fled. When he looked back, much misery was in the

dismal retrospect. True, he had been imprudent, highly so; but never had he acted criminally! He had, from a variety of concomitant and unpleasant circumstances, been reduced to his present humiliating state.

"Those passions," continued he, mentally, "which were formed to submit and obey, have, alas! usurped the command, and become indeed tyrannical masters. Shall I blindly follow their headstrong impulse; and, like a beast, miserably, without hope, perish? How the soul shrinks back upon herself, and shudders at the unnatural idea! But then, is not my honour blasted? Will not Velasco, the Captain of Banditti, be regarded with detestation; and could he brook this? Oh, honour, thou sacred tie! how have I swerved from thy pure dictates—how sadly

wandered from the path of rectitude! And can I ever hope to regain it? How are the gay and glittering, but inconstant and deceitful, phantoms of delight fled! Oh, cruel memory! why wilt thou torture me? Now usurps their fair and pleasing station, the gnawing worm, endless remorse; and will God pardon so grievous a sinner as I am? Yes! I may hope, that is still left me; for does not Omnipotence stretch forth forgiving arms to all who truly repent? Yet, whither; ah, whither, shall I fly? Oh, my soul! where shall I seek comfort?——Comfort! I sadly fear we have taken an eternal farewell of each other. Wander where I will, can I shake off my griefs—can I leave my sorrows behind me?"

Thus reasoned the contrite Velasco. He

heaved a deep sigh, and returned his sword to its scabbard.

"Yes," said he, calmly, "I restore thee to thy former place; nor will I cowardly endeavour to fly from distress, when, by thus attempting it, I should rush on inevitable destruction. Yet, Oh Heaven! what will here become of me? what course can I pursue? Do not all my relations believe me dead? Is not my father, in all human probability, an inhabitant of the silent tomb? What will my sister say? Oh cruel! how bitter are the sufferings she has inflicted without remorse! Vittoria, cruel, deceitful woman! how could you thus wound an only brother? I had a friend too; will he now regard me as worthy his exalted confidence? I am resolved, and will shake off these ignoble fetters!

fetters! Can I be more wretched than at present I am? Impossible!—Oh, lovely, fascinating stranger! whose sweet, harmonious accents harrowed up my very soul, bringing to my too retentive memory such scenes as I dare not trust myself to think of, what a revolution hast thou brought about in my mind! Oh Innocence! how bright—how divine is thy influence!"

With folded arms and measured steps, he paced up and down his little cell.

"Shall I not, without delay, leave this horrible place?" thought he. "What can possibly prevent my doing so? Are not all the band in a state of intoxication? Now then is the time for me to effect my escape, unobserved."

He snatched up his cap, and taking his

sword, left the cell. Then, suddenly recollecting himself—

"Will not this be acting like a coward?"

The idea was grating to his feelings. He threw down his cap, and, flinging himself into a chair, meditated on what method it would be best to pursue.

"I will wait," thought he, "till morning; and, when all the company are assembled, I will declare my resolution of leaving them. The consequences of such a declaration I must abide; now, I will not mix with them."

Once more he threw himself on his pallet, where, restless and miserable, he tossed about till morning dawned. He then arose; and, when he supposed that the troops were assembled, repaired to the place of general morning rendezvous.

"You

"You left us even earlier than usual, last night, Captain!" said the grim-looking figure, who was second in command.

"My heart," replied Velasco, gravely, "beat not in unison with the boisterous mirth that reigned here."

"Indeed!" answered the other, contemptuously. "I suppose your heart was smitten with the beauty of that girl you so gallantly espoused the cause of last night? Ah! Captain."

"I answer not such interrogations," replied Velasco, while the blood crimsoned his face.

The man turned on his heel; but was presently, by Velasco's commanding voice, brought back again.

"I wish," said he, haughtily, "to assemble all the band here. I have something of consequence to impart."

The horn was sounded, and presently the rest of the robbers met, with looks of evident alarm.

"Be not disturbed," said Velasco; "it is only *I* who wish to speak to you, and on a subject that solely concerns myself."

"Listen, listen!" was echoed through the band.

Velasco took off his sword and, with his cap, laid it on the ground, in the midst of the circle formed around him.

"You will," said he, "my comrades, no doubt be surprised when I explain to you the reason of my having thus brought you together. You well know, how strongly averse I was to accept the command of this band; and, had I followed the dictates of my heart, I should never have consented to it. I wish now to resign it, and to leave you."

A confused

A confused murmur ran throughout the whole group, while one voice said, in an under tone—

"You die first!"

"Who," said Velasco, casting his fine eyes around, with an air of authority, "now spoke? Remember, I am *still* your Captain; and, though I have voluntarily disarmed myself, still retain the power of punishing rebellion and insolent threats. Do you release me from my command?"

"We cannot!" answered many voices at once.

"Why?" asked Velasco.

"Because, should we not," replied some of them, "by so doing, endanger our own lives? Would you not go to Granada, inform the Senate of the place of our retreat; and should we not be condemned to die? You yourself would not be

severely punished, never having yet exercised your command in any attack."

"I did not indeed imagine," said Velasco, indignantly, "that my character here had been that of a cowardly poltroon! Should I then be fit to *command* you?"

All were silent.

"Can you," continued Velasco, "suppose, that after the kindness I have received—the humanity with which I have been treated by you, that I should repay it by attempting to bring any of you to an ignominious death? Is such the opinion you have formed of me? Had that been my wish, could I not have made my escape from hence, without asking permission? Was that acting according to the character you have just ascribed to me? There," continued he, pointing to his cap and sword, "are the insignia of my office; never again,

again, let the consequences be what they may, will I resume them! Bestow them on some one more ambitious of the bloody honour; and with me, do as you will. I shall not attempt to move you to pity; nor will I make one promise, though *that* would buy me liberty. If I am quietly permitted to leave this place, you must rely solely upon my honour; for I will either be uncontrolled, and entirely free, or be your everlasting prisoner!"

"Be free—be free!" was echoed through the cave; "in your honour we can safely confide."

"Accept," said Velasco, much affected, "my grateful thanks! yet this, I will confess, I expected of you. Never will I prove an enemy to any one here! Still another favour I have to ask: restore me the sword I had on my first coming here.

'Tis

'Tis no otherwise valuable than as it belonged to my father. All that I had besides, I freely give you; and still remain, beyond calculation, your debtor. Never can I repay you for the humanity with which I have been treated. I could say much; but it might not be pleasant. From my soul, I wish you well; more so, than I fear some of you are disposed to do for yourselves."

One of the robbers brought the sword which he had asked for, and presented it to him. Velasco then took leave of the men, who ardently wished to persuade him to alter his resolution.

With a heavy heart, he bent his solitary way through a vast desert, towards Granada; as there, he thought, he could best learn what he wished to know respecting his relations; and there he likewise hoped to gain

gain some intelligence of his valued friend, Count Julian.

The day proved cold and stormy. He walked on, without any covering upon his defenceless head; but his mind was too fully occupied to attend to such trivial matters. Regardless of the storm, that so mercilessly pelted him, he calmly walked on; busy imagination transporting him back three years, when, with his servant, he rode on the wings of haste, to receive the blessing of a dying parent. This reflection brought a circumstance to his memory, that never could be glanced at without freezing his blood with horror.

"Oh unnatural, cruel Vittoria!" exclaimed he, in a convulsed voice, while his whole frame shook at the obtruding remembrance.

It was almost evening ere he reached the

the little cottage, before mentioned as the humble dwelling of the amiable Marchioness. He well knew the good people of the house, as he had frequently passed the night there in his way to his father's *chateau*. He did not at the time remember that the harmless folks believed him dead; but, without reflection, knocked at the door, which was opened by Yolanda.

The idea had just crossed his mind—"She will, worthy soul, be glad to see me!" how then was he disappointed, when, suddenly screaming, she shut the door against him.

"And is this," said he, "the welcome I receive back to the cruel world?"

For a minute he stood with his arms folded. The door was again cautiously opened, and the old man peeped out.

"Do you not know me, Jerome?" asked Velasco.

The

The old man crossed himself.

"Surely," said he, "'tis his voice!"

He opened the door.

"You may," said he, in a tremulous tone, "come in, if you please; for I am not much afraid of you: you were so good a young gentleman when alive, that I cannot fear you would, now you are dead, do an old man like me any harm!"

Velasco could not forbear smiling at the strange notion of the old man; but, entering the rustic cabin, he soon succeeded in convincing both Jerome and Yolanda that he was no ghost, but the very Velasco who had so often in former days visited them. The joy of the honest peasants was extreme, who poured forth their thanks for benefits formerly bestowed on them by his generous hand, which could not fail of being gratifying to the wearied

and

and dispirited Velasco. How heartily did he subscribe to the truth of that saying—"No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a man whom you have obliged; nor any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for a benefactor!"—Of course he did not think it necessary to inform these honest people what had for so long a period become of him, nor did they attempt to pry into his secrets; satisfied that not his ghost, but himself, visited again their humble dwelling.

Having partaken of the supper Yolanda joyfully prepared for him, he retired at an early hour to rest, and enjoyed the calmest slumbers that for three long years had visited him. He awoke in the morning, greatly refreshed, and, with renovated spirits, took the road towards Granada.

CHAP.

## CHAP. II.

Here then we rest: the universal cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws.

POPE.

THE Marquis Almanza, in the restoration of his amiable wife, whom he had lamented, if not as dead, at least as so to him, experienced the most animated joy. He had long, from the conduct of the artful Vittoria, been convinced of his Matilda's innocence, and her perfidy; and now, every

every circumstance that had caused suspicion, the Marchioness entirely explained away.

"I confess," said she, "I acted imprudently; as I might have suspected that any thing which *could*, would be turned against me, by my too beautiful rival. My intentions being innocent, I did not think of the necessity of paying scrupulous attention to appearances. On this subject I have had ample time to ruminate, and endeavour to bring to my recollection such circumstances as might have fomented your suspicion.

"The attachment the Count Julian had for our angel friend," continued the Marchioness, "was fervent and honourable; but she received his devotions with a coldness that almost drove him to despair. To me he poured forth all his complaints,

and

and entreated, as her friend, that I would intercede for him; or, as knowing her disposition, that I would counsel him how to act. This occasioned us, I suppose, to be a good deal together; and, as to him the subject was highly interesting, he could not of course talk upon it with an air of indifference. Vittoria, who, I have heard, was once much attached to him, could not, I suppose, bear to see him pay attention to any woman but herself; and therefore, to be revenged on both you and me, artfully took advantage of this circumstance, to instil into your mind the most cruel suspicions. Did she not, my Lord, one evening, at the Duchess Infantado's *chateau*, inform you that I was to be late in the evening with Count Julian in the garden?"

"She did," answered the Marquis; "and that circumstance it was that corroborated, and,

and, in my distempered mind, confirmed beyond a doubt, the truth of all she had before affirmed. But, dearest Matilda, let me entreat you to bury in oblivion all that has passed. I am very much ashamed of, and sorry for the cruel part I have acted by the best, the most amiable of women. It shall be the earnest study of my future life, if possible, to make up for what has passed. Can you pardon my ill treatment?"

The Marchioness, with tears trembling in her eyes, affectionately pressed the hand of her submissive Lord.

"Suffer me," said she, "for my own satisfaction, to add a few words more on this subject, ere we entirely dismiss it. My being in the garden so late in the evening, was very inconsiderate; but it did not strike me in that light at the time.

The

The Count had all the day been waiting for an opportunity to advise with me how far it would be prudent, or otherwise, to write Adeliza a declaration of his passion; and, as I rose to quit the room, whispered me, how much he had been disappointed in not having the whole day been able to speak to me alone, saying he wished much once more to consult me on a subject, that he feared began to grow extremely troublesome.—'I will see you in half an hour,' said I, 'in the garden.'—He gratefully thanked me, and I retired to my chamber. Had you and I, my Lord, fortunately met at that juncture, I was fully resolved to make no secret of my appointment; but, as it happened otherwise, I went according to my promise. The Count was waiting for me. We walked once down the garden, where he unfolded to me his plan;

and

and I advised him, by all means, to write to Adeliza. We returned, in a very short time, to our separate apartments. What followed, I need not now repeat. 'Tis past! and all sorrow banished in the excess of joy I now experience. But for one circumstance I should be too happy: my amiable friend Adeliza, what can be become of her?"

"That," said the Marquis, "is to me a most distressing theme. Sorry I am to say, that both the Duke and myself cruelly suspected her of being privy to your (as we supposed it) escape. Shall I confess that I joined in saying many harsh things to her; nay, even proceeded to threats, would she not give the necessary information respecting you. Alas! how shamefully we wronged her. The manner in which she answered the Duke, exasperated

him

him so much, that—how shall I tell it?—he sent her up the country, to a solitary Castle of his, in hopes that by this means he might draw the secret from her. Two of his most trusty men were charged with the care of her; but the last letter from my uncle says, that neither she nor the men have since been heard of; so that he takes it for granted, she has prevailed on her guards to restore her to her friends in England. Such, I trust in God, will prove the case; or I should feel more wretched on this subject, than I now do."

After a great deal of interesting discourse, the conversation turned upon Constance, the Marchioness's beautiful companion.

"How could her mother part with her?" remarked the Marquis.

"It was rather unnatural," replied the Marchioness; "but as I am the gainer, I

shall not find fault with her conduct. I only hope, my Ferdinand does not disapprove of what I have done!"

"On the contrary, my dear Matilda, I think you have added another bright gem to our happy circle. But do not you, my love, think that as we have taken the sole care of her, some certain provision ought in justice to be made for her?"

This subject, considerate as kind, being discussed at some length, it was agreed that five thousand pounds should be settled upon the lovely Constance Veronese. Just then, with the infant Ferdinand in her arms, came in the smiling subject of their conversation.

"We were just talking of you, my sweet Constance," said the Marchioness.

"Were you, dear Madam? I ought to be very proud that you could bestow a

word on me, when you have so many things of greater consequence to engage all your thoughts. I hope you are not tired of me! Pray do not wish to send me away; to leave you now, would, I think, break my heart."

"Dear Constance!" said the Marchioness, much affected, "you shall never leave me, unless 'tis for your own happiness."

"Indeed, I rather fear," said the Marquis, smiling, "we shall not be able to keep her with us long!"

"Oh why, my Lord?" asked Constance, earnestly.

"Nay, look not alarmed! I only think it is not very likely that your heart, my sweet friend, will for ever hold out against the attacks that must inevitably be made upon it."

"Was that your idea, my Lord?" replied she, turning pale as death; "my heart, alas! has become steeled. Never—no, never will I marry. Allow me but to remain under this happy roof; I ask no greater favour of indulgent Heaven!"

With extreme emotion, she hastily quitted the room, leaving her astonished friends to comment on her strange declaration.

"What say you," said the Duchess, "my dear Matilda, if we invite the Raby family here this evening? And perhaps Lady Richmond, with the amiable Miss Fortescue, may not be averse to join our little party. If you approve of this, I will send Anna to ask them; Constance can accompany her—it will be an amusement to the young folks. To confess the truth, my heart feels

feels so light and easy, I long that my friends, who have shared my sorrows, should participate in my joy."

The party proposed, was readily assented to by the Marchioness, and Lady Anna received her grandmother's instructions.

"May I," said she, "ask Villars, should I chance to see him?"

"Certainly, my love; and as many beaux beside, as you chuse. I trust entirely to your influence there."

Anna was delighted; and she and Constance tripped to the carriage.

They first drove to Lord Raby's. The only person visible, was Lady Catherine, who received her new friend with great pleasure, and accepted the invitation for the evening; the rest of the family were engaged.

"But, dear Catherine," said Lady Anna,

" we must see your brother Percy! Indeed, I shall be sadly disappointed, if he does not come: shall not you, Constance, too?"

" Truly, I shall; for, little as I have seen of Captain Surrey, I am inclined to love him, as if he were my own brother."

" I shall acquaint him with all these civil things," said Lady Catherine, smiling; " and then, surely, he cannot refuse to come! But this very morning, I have been trying all my rhetoric, to endeavour to persuade him, at least sometimes, to go out, and, if possible, shake off that melancholy, which, I am grieved to see, is so deep-rooted, that never, I fear, will he enjoy health, or peace of mind, again. Nor can I wonder at his sufferings, when I call to remembrance the worth of the object he fears is lost to him for ever."

" After

"After my aunt's unexpected return," said Lady Anna, "I shall be surprised at nothing; and I do hope and believe but a short time will elapse, ere we all meet joyfully! Tell Percy this, and say, no excuse will be admitted. Oh! I had almost forgot: do, dear Catherine, bring Villars; my grandmamma wishes much to see him, as she suspects I have lost my heart to him. In that case," continued she, laughing, "it would be prudent, you know, that, to judge of his merits, she should see the conquering hero."

"True," said Catherine, enjoying the liveliness of her friend, "that would be most proper; therefore I will make a point of bringing him."

"That's a good girl," rejoined Lady Anna. "Adieu, till the evening!"

The young ladies then went to Lady

Richmond's, and found both her Ladyship and Miss Fortescue at home. Lady Anna introduced her friend, who was received, not only with politeness, but the most cordial kindness. Miss Fortescue experienced unfeigned pleasure in hearing of the safe return of the amiable Marchioness; and, while she was expressing her joy, the Count Julian was announced.

For an hour they sat chatting together. The Count appeared much struck with Constance. He asked, and sighed as he spoke, if she knew Miss Pembroke. She answered—no; she had not that happiness.

"You remind me very much of her," said he, "especially in your voice and manner."

"It is strange!" said Constance, blushing; "but that has before been remarked."

"It certainly must be so," said the Count;

Count; "it struck me the moment I saw you."

The ladies promised to go to the Duchess in the evening, and Count Julian gladly accepted an invitation to join the party.

The young friends returned home in excellent spirits, and gave a pleasing account of their embassy. After mentioning having seen the Count—

"You cannot think," said Anna, "how glad he was to hear of your being in England, dear aunt. He, however, if I may judge from his manner, knows nothing of what has passed; for he asked if the Duke Garcias Moresco were with you, and hoped the lovely Miss Pembroke was well. I said, the Duke was not in England, and that Miss Pembroke was not with us; leaving it to you to explain, as you judged

proper. I hope I have not done wrong in inviting him here; have I, Marquis?"

"Surely not, my love. I shall be truly happy to see my old and much-esteemed friend."

The Marchioness had now in a great measure recovered her looks; so rapid and efficacious a restorative and beautifier, is ease of heart. She appeared elegant, and highly interesting. Lady Anna, all life, and gay as innocence and health could make her, looked charming. Constance, attired in a simple muslin robe, her glossy ringlets curling round her artless face, and carelessly twisted up behind, in the Spanish fashion, looked beautiful. The transparent whiteness of her skin—the bright azure of her expressive eyes—the rich glow, which the novelty of the scene she was to witness, had

had painted upon her polished cheek, rendered her whole appearance little less than divine. In her person, she was, if any thing, rather under the middle size; but her whole form was grace and symmetry itself. The Marchioness had taken some pains to teach her a little English (French being the language more spoken in the province where she was brought up, than Spanish), and had found her a very apt scholar.

At an early hour for London fashionables, the company assembled. The Marquis, divested of all jealous fears, received the Count Julian with infinite pleasure. He was introduced to Captain Surrey, who, from a hint the Marchioness had given, understood he knew Adeliza. They soon entered into conversation concerning her. In the course of the evening, the Count

easily discovered that Percy was the favoured lover of that truly charming woman. The conviction was a painful one; yet he was obliged to confess that Percy was worthy of even the love of Adeliza. He consoled himself with the persuasion, that her refusal of him was not owing to personal dislike, but that her affection was pre-engaged.

Miss Fortescue was, as usual, lively and entertaining; but Lady Richmond looked pale and anxious.

"We should, my dear Madam," said the Duchess, "have been happy to have had the pleasure of seeing your Lord: perhaps he will favour us with his company."

"I fear not," answered Lady Richmond, mournfully. "He is engaged at Mrs. Grimalkin's, and her parties are in general very late. Besides," said she, attempting

to

to force a smile, "there is in that house a powerful attraction in the person of your fair countrywoman, my Lord," turning to the Marquis; "her influence seems boundless—she is certainly most beautiful!"

"I fear," said the Marquis, while the blood crimsoned his face, "a description of one of your celebrated writers, which I have read, but too well applies to the insidious Vittoria. It is this—

"O serpent heart! hid within a flow'ry face!
"Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
"Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
"Dove-feather'd raven, wolfish rav'ning lamb!
"Despised substance of divinest show,
"Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st."

"The language is indeed forcible and pointed," said the Count Julian; "and, alas! in this instance, I fear but just. Never did I know her *well* till now. Her own must be the greater misery; not for the universe,

universe, would I have a heart like Vittoria Altimira."

Card-tables were formed, and most of the party sat down to play. This, however, Constance declined, preferring to look over the Marchioness's hand. After some little time, she whispered Constance, who, smiling, answered—

"Yes;" and tripped away.

Presently she returned, bringing in her arms the lovely infant Ferdinand, who was in an instant almost suffocated with caresses. Alarmed by the noise, he began crying.

"I will quiet him in a moment," said Constance; "good nurses should always be provided with a plaything."

She gave him a silver pencil, which happily had the desired effect.

As Constance danced her little darling in her arms, the pencil dropped upon the ground.

ground. Percy stooped to pick it up; but the instant he cast his eyes upon it, he turned pale as death.

"Is this pencil *your's?*" asked he, in great agitation.

"I do not know that I came honestly by it," said Constance, rather embarrassed at the eagerness with which the question was asked; "still it was more chance than design. I found it," continued she, turning towards the Marchioness, "a few days after the party left the cottage. In my room, you know, it was the heavenly girl lay."

"Oh! for pity's sake," said Percy, with increased emotion, "tell me who she was?"

"That, I am sorry to say, I cannot do!" said Constance. "I only saw her by stealth, as she slept. Who she was, or whither

whither she was going, I know not. Finding this in my room, I took it for granted, that it was the property of the fair stranger. I shewed it to my aunt; she knew nothing about it: therefore, without further scruple, I put it into my pocket. I felt pleased with my new acquisition. It may seem romantic; but, indeed, had you beheld the charming lady, you would cease to wonder at my sudden partiality."

"I wonder not," said Percy, in a tone full of despair; "for, Oh mysterious Heaven! it must have been my adored Adeliza."

"Adeliza!" exclaimed the Marchioness; "you astonish me! What can lead you, Captain Surrey, to imagine such a thing to be within the bounds of possibility?"

"*I* gave her that pencil; and sure I am, she would not have parted with it to any creature

creature breathing. Did this sweet Constance ever see Adeliza?

"Never, I believe," replied the Marchioness.

"Should you," asked Percy, "remember her, were you shewn the picture of the person you saw at the cottage?"

"I am certain I should, Sir. Never—no, never can I forget her!"

"Go, Anna," said the Duchess, "and bring down Adeliza's picture."

Anna flew to obey, while they sat almost breathless with agitated expectation. She presently returned; and Constance no sooner beheld the picture, than she screamed out—

"It is—it is indeed the same sweet face! I cannot be mistaken; the same lovely mouth, the same fine dark eyebrows and silken

silken eyelashes—the hair curling round the face, yet parted on the snowy forehead —the eyes you know I did not see, but I am firmly persuaded as to all the rest of the resemblance."

All amusement derived from card-playing, was banished for that night; the whole party feeling highly interested in the fate of the beloved Adeliza. Lady Catherine wept and smiled, as hope or despair seemed to preponderate. Constance said little, but thought much; while the Marquis declared he felt more perplexed than words could describe, at this extraordinary circumstance.

"I will go to Spain," said Percy, "without any loss of time. I will visit the cottage; and happily I may obtain some information respecting her. Oh God! there must have been treachery in this business;

business; else why did my angel travel in company with only two ruffian Moors? My blood freezes with horror, when I think to what dangers her delicate form may have been exposed; but as I have now, thank Heaven! obtained a sort of clew, to guide me in my search, I will to-morrow, by break of day, set off."

"And I will accompany you," said the Count Julian; "knowing the country as I do, it may be in my power to be of some service."

"I am, dear Count," answered Captain Surrey, "inexpressibly obliged to you for this friendly offer; but I cannot think of taking advantage of it."

"I will not arrogate more merit to myself in this proposal, than I deserve. I am, for a short time, under the necessity of

of returning to Spain; and therefore it will afford me real pleasure to accompany you. I can assure you, I have it much at heart, to see the lovely Miss Pembroke restored to her friends. I was once presumptuous enough to aspire to the honour of her hand: I did not then know how powerful a rival I had, or I should not have been so vain."

Percy bowed to the Count's compliment.

"I have," said the Marquis, "written to my uncle, at Santa Fe. Julian, you know your way thither. If you are resolved on this knight-errantry, I should think it would be advisable to take the Castle in your route: probably you might there obtain some useful information."

The proposed plan being now quietly talked over, it was settled that the two gentlemen

gentlemen should set out for Spain, by way of France. They had the most sincere and heartfelt wishes for success from every individual; while hope once more, with her diffusive cheering beams, revisited the heart of the hitherto desponding Percy.

CHAP.

## CHAP. III.

And is this all? Can reason do no more
Than bid us shun the deep, and dread the shore?
Sweet moralist! afloat on life's rough sea,
The Christian has an art unknown to thee.
He holds no parley with unmanly fears—
Where duty bids, he confidently steers;
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting to his God, surmounts them all.

COWPER.

THE evening was cold and tempestuous; the wind howled mournfully among the trees of the deep embosomed forest, while the rain fell incessantly. The moon had withdrawn

withdrawn her friendly beams, and all was enveloped in darkness. The good Father La Merci, with his wonted benevolence, had been visiting a poor peasant at the last extremity of earthly pain; and, after the soul had taken its well-prepared flight, had sat endeavouring to administer consolation to the surviving heart-broken family.

At length he took his leave, mounted his mule, and rode slowly onward, pondering on the event he had just witnessed; and indulging in a train of pious and self-satisfied reflections. As he passed along by the side of the forest, he was startled by a sound that seemed to proceed from some one in extreme pain. He checked his mule, and listened; all was profoundly still.

"I thought," said he to himself, "that death

death and I were such familiar friends, that the event I have to-night witnessed, could not so forcibly have impressed my imagination!"

He rode on a little way; but again his attention was arrested, on hearing the like dismal sounds repeated. He paused, and was convinced that he could not now be deceived. He dismounted, and, fastening his mule to a tree, followed as nearly as possible the harrowing sounds; and, in a few minutes, he perceived he had come up close to where the distressed person lay.

"What is the matter?" anxiously enquired the benevolent Father.

He was only answered by groans; and it was too dark even for him to see who sent forth the mournful sounds. Many efforts he made ineffectually to make the person speak. He was distressed beyond measure,

measure, nor knew what to do. After a little consideration, he went to the place where he had left his mule, and unfastening, brought him near to the wounded person. He attempted to raise the almost lifeless body, and, after many efforts, at last, with infinite difficulty, lifted it from the damp earth, and laid it across his mule. With one hand he steadied the body, and with the other directed his beast. In this distressful situation he slowly and cautiously walked for more than half an hour; fearing, from the quietness of the person, that life had entirely fled. At length he reached the gates of the Convent. The porter, who brought a light to admit him, recoiled a few paces on seeing him.

"Haste!" said the venerable Father; "bring hither the light, that I may see if my wretched companion still breathes."

The light was brought, and the Father perceived that the man (for such it proved) was just alive. With the assistance of the porter, he was lifted into the lodge, and laid upon a bed.

"Oh, Heavens!" exclaimed the Father, "what a miserable sight is here! See, he has received several ghastly wounds! Poor soul, how he must have suffered! Go, call some of the brotherhood, that we may consult what had best be done."

The porter went, and presently returned with two old Friars.

"Jesu!" exclaimed one of them, crossing himself with looks of dismay, "what is the matter? You are covered with blood!"

"Heed not that," said the Father, in a mild tone, "but come and help me."

Upon examination, they found that the wounds of the stranger, who seemed to be a middle-

a middle-aged man, had, from their appearance, been inflicted by a stiletto. The clothes were stripped off, and the gaping wounds bathed with a distillation of salubrious herbs, and then bound up. A few drops of cordial were poured down the patient's throat, and he was carefully laid in bed.

"I will watch by him," said the Father La Merci; "therefore thanks for your kind assistance—I wish you good night."

The Brothers retired, leaving the good man to his compassionate vigil over the wounded traveller. For some days he continued in a state between life and death. He did not speak, though he more than once attempted it; but, in the course of ten days, he was sufficiently restored to express the grateful sense he had of the

unexampled humanity which had been shewn him. One day, awaking from a disturbed slumber, he saw the venerable Father hanging over him, with looks of pity and solicitude.

"Still compassionate and watchful!" in low accents murmured out the sick man. "Alas! I fear I have caused you infinite trouble; but I was born the child of sorrow—the sport of Fortune! Be not, good man, surprised that you find me dissatisfied with the wretched existence your humanity has served to prolong. Life has now no charms for me! I have already outlived every tie that might have bound me to this world; but one blow more, and the assassin would not have struck in vain. Oh cruel man! surely now thou art satisfied—thy revenge completely glutted

glutted with the innocent blood thou hast caused to be shed."

The effort was greater than the strength of the sick man could bear, and he sunk exhausted upon the pillow; from which, as he talked, he had gradually raised himself.

"These strong emotions—these bitter recollections," said the Father, "are more, my son, than in your present enfeebled state you can bear. Do not, therefore, give way to such violent sallies: look up with confidence, with an humble Christian's hope, to that Power, who can and will sustain his fallen creatures under every human calamity. Did a good and all-merciful Creator frame and store with inhabitants this world, solely that they might be preyed upon by one another,

by crimes and misfortunes? Surely not. Those evils, that appear to us as the most dreadful of scourges, are often the very instruments of peace and happiness. 'Tis true, the world has been, and still is, a theatre, in which is exhibited a never-ending tragedy. The same scene of folly is repeated, often shooting into guilt; and of passions fomented, hurrying on, by a rapid progress, into endless misery. But then, have we not ourselves to thank for all this? Too surely we have. God has strongly established in our breasts a school of far superior authority to any thing merely human. He has committed us in strict charge to conscience, his awful representative. If we listen with humility to this divine instructor, we shall seldom grievously err; nor can we, under any adverse

adverse circumstances, think ourselves completely wretched. This life, like a dream, will pass away; and when our souls released, shall look back, it will be with astonishment to think how very trifles vexed and grievously tormented us. Each moment that fleets past, bears us still nearer death and eternity; and if the path be strewed with thorns, consider who trod the same before you. Think, my son, on this; and, instead of murmuring, go on your way rejoicing. Remember, in proportion to the sorrows you endure here (those I mean, not brought on yourself by imprudence or folly) will be your rich reward hereafter."

The sick stranger held out his hand, and took that of the truly pious Father, which he pressed between both his, in token of

gratitude for the consolation his words had imparted.

"I will," said he, "endeavour to be as you wish me. One day you shall hear the story of my woes; and then, if I mistake not, you will allow that my sorrows have been bitter indeed!"

"For the present," replied the Father, "I must leave you. Let me beseech you to compose yourself; I will soon return."

The day passed on; but no Father La Merci appeared. The wounded man was of course greatly disappointed, but unable to account for his absence. All that and the next day passed without his either seeing or hearing any thing of him. He, however, wanted for nothing, the porter attending him with constant care. On the evening of the second day, one of the

Monks

Monks belonging to the Convent came to him, to say that the Father La Merci had been sent for in haste, to some one in a dangerous situation; and that he could *not* return, till he saw whether his patient was likely to recover, which, indeed, he had but faint hopes of witnessing.

## CHAP. IV.

Dread Scylla's rocks 'tis safer to engage,
And trust a storm, than her destructive rage.
Not waves contending with a boist'rous wind,
Threaten so loud as her tempestuous mind;
For seas grow calm, and raging storms abate,
But most implacable is woman's hate.

YALDEN.

CAPTAIN Surrey and the Count Julian set out on their journey for Spain, as proposed, and travelled on with all the speed they possibly could.

The Marchioness, who really loved our heroine, entertained the most sanguine hopes

hopes that their expedition would prove a successful one. The Marquis well knew that his uncle had his secret misgivings; but how could he hint his suspicions to his wife, without seeming disrespectful to the Duke: he therefore thought it best to say nothing on the subject.

Lady Richmond was now in a state of severe punishment for her past follies, and Miss Fortescue in the distress of her friend sincerely participated.

Lord Richmond was scarcely ever, day or night, at home; nor was the door, for many minutes together, free from duns: while he was constantly lavishing immense sums on the artful Vittoria. The presents he continually made her, were magnificent, and the money she won of him at cards, would nearly have supported his household. One day, Miss Fortescue ventured to

remonstrate with him on the criminality, as well as absurdity, of his conduct, which would inevitably heap ruin on his head.

He replied, that if the manner he chose to live in, shocked the delicacy of her feelings, he would advise her to take the only method of avoiding such scenes of impropriety, as she was pleased to style them, by quitting his house.

"Infatuated man!" said Miss Fortescue; "the time will quickly arrive, when, from the bottom of your soul, you will repent your present conduct; and, when too late, will regret your proceedings."

He turned on his heel, and left the room, whistling; then went to Mrs. Grimalkin's, where the Duchess Infantado and Donna Vittoria had taken up their residence. As usual, he went into the house, and, without asking any questions, opened the door

door of Vittoria's dressing-room; where, to his surprise and consternation, he saw, quietly seated, Lord Allen. He was holding the fair hand of that lovely woman in his. *Lord* Richmond started.

"How came you here, my Lord?" said he, in some measure recovering himself.

"That, my Lord," replied his triumphant rival, with an air of insulting coolness, "you can have no possible right to demand. This lady, if I mistake not, may do as she pleases: she is not your ward, and a wife you have already."

"Curse on the name!" muttered Lord Richmond, while he turned pale with rage; "but, Lord Allen, let me tell you I have a *right* to command here.—Have I not, Madam?" turning to Vittoria.

She laughed in his face.

"I do declare," said she, "I am quite amused

amused with your heroics. Why, what a simpleton you are, to suppose any gentleman would be in my dressing-room, without my permission. Besides, my Lord, by what authority do you call my conduct in question?"

"Insolent, ungrateful, haughty woman! But I will be calm."

"It is," said Vittoria, "a matter of perfect indifference to me, whether you are furious or quiet; only, if the former suits best your present inclination, I must insist on my room not being made the scene of contention. If you take my sober advice, it will be to go and ask my aunt and Mrs. Grimalkin how they do; I have business with Lord Allen."

Lord Richmond, a tyrant in his own family, was here the most abject of slaves. He durst not disobey the imperious fair one;

one; but, though with an ill grace, did as she desired. In no very pleasing frame of mind, he entered the parlour, where sat Mrs. Grimalkin and her niece. He walked up and down the room for some time, without noticing either.

"You seem to be rather discomposed, my Lord; I hope nothing unpleasant has occurred!" said the lady, in a soft tone.

"By Heavens, I meet with little else in these days!" surlily replied his Lordship. "I wish, from the bottom of my soul, that all the female sex were sent in a body headlong to the devil."

"We are much obliged to your Lordship, for your charitable consignment of us poor women; but we trust that will have little influence."

"The more is the pity, Madam!"

"I suppose," said she, significantly, "'tis a lovers' quarrel which is the cause of this little peevishness. I dare say, Donna Vittoria and you will soon make it up. Have I not guessed right?"

"Yes," answered he, contemptuously eyeing her from head to foot; "but are you not ashamed to put your suspicions into language? Is this the moral, charitable, sanctified, and scrupulously chaste Mrs. Grimalkin, that talks so infamously? Oh fashion—cursed fashion! what a mean, detestable creation is thine! Every vice, every enormity is sanctioned by thee! And as to you, Madam, let me tell you a truth, that there's not a name which comprises all that is vile, selfish, and contemptible, that can express the shamelessness of your whole conduct:—you understand me, Madam, do you not?"

Mrs.

Mrs. Grimalkin absolutely trembled, as in the humblest manner she endeavoured to pacify his Lordship. After some little time, Donna Vittoria made her appearance; *but instead* (as he expected) of endeavouring to conciliate matters, she treated him with an air so supercilious, that he could with difficulty conceal the resentment that burned in his breast. In a few minutes, assuming an air of *sang froid,* he wished her good morning.

Lord Richmond thought not of returning home; in his present frame of mind, it was the last place he could think of. He called upon one of his gay friends, who asked him to dine with him, and the invitation was readily accepted.

"We will," said the friend, "in the evening go to Arthur's. Fortune and I have run up a confounded long account together,

together, and, one way or other, I am this night resolved to settle it."

"That's right, my boy!" said Lord Richmond; "you and I are, I find, the fittest companions in the world. It is, i'faith, sink or swim with me!"

"Gad! I rejoice to hear it; for then we are up to mischief. I am prepared, Richmond! If my luck to-night is bad, this," continued he, taking up a pistol, "must settle accounts."

His Lordship laughed aloud; not from mirth, but to drive away busy, meddling thought.

They plentifully drank of the wine before them; and, about nine o'clock, the two infatuated young men sallied forth for Arthur's, though hardly sufficiently in their senses to find their way.

Fortune smiled for some time upon both of

of them; and, elated with their success, they doubled and redoubled every bet, and, in the end, Lord Richmond had gamed away the enormous sum of sixty thousand pounds. He was in that state of mind, as hardly to be sensible of the extent of the loss he had sustained; but sufficiently so, to say he would put an end to his existence: and in this horrible state of mind, he left his companions.

When he found himself in the street, it struck him that he might as well call at Mrs. Grimalkin's. He did so, and by the servant was told, that none of the family were yet come home.

"Where are they?" impatiently asked Lord Richmond.

"That, Sir, I cannot tell."

"Who went out with them?" asked he.

"Lord Allen, Sir, went out with Donna Vittoria.

Vittoria. My mistress and the Duchess did not leave home till above an hour after."

"Damnation!" muttered Lord Richmond, grinding his teeth; "is that fellow's name eternally to be coupled with Vittoria's?"

He rushed from the door, and hastily traversed from one street to another. As soon as it was light, he thundered at his own house, and, being immediately admitted, he locked himself into his library, desiring that no one might disturb him. His being out all night was a thing now become so very frequent, that his unhappy wife, though grieved and distressed, was not surprised; but his conduct, so unlike what it had formerly been, harassed her very much. Her amiable cousin endeavoured to comfort her; but this was no easy task.

Lord

Lord Richmond remained shut up all day; and though his afflicted and now alarmed wife entreated to be admitted, he would not see her. In the evening he went out, leaving word that he should return in an hour or two; but hour after hour passed, and he returned not, while Lady Richmond and Miss Fortescue sat in fearful expectation of what were to be the consequences of this unaccountable behaviour.

About two o'clock a tremendous knocking at the door made both ladies start from their seats.

"Oh! thank Heaven," exclaimed Lady Richmond, "he is come at last!"

She burst into tears, and sunk into her chair. A servant brought in a note.

"From my Lord," said he, as he gave it.

"Is

"Is not that he?" eagerly enquired her Ladyship.

"No, Ma'am; only this note from my Lord."

With trembling fingers she tore it open, and with dismay read these words.

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"When you, my injured Caroline, receive this, I shall be on my way to France. Do not be shocked, if the next account you hear, tells you I am dead. I have no right to torment you. I know I am unworthy of your love; and this you will believe to be too true, when I further confess, that my present journey is in pursuit of the fickle, the cruel, but too fascinating Vittoria Altimira. She has left England with that reptile Allen, and I shall

shall follow them to their most secret haunts. Caroline—dear, injured woman! pity, and, if possible, forgive the wretched man, whom 'tis your heavy misfortune to call by the fatal name of husband. Adieu, perhaps for ever!—From the ruined, lost, and undone

"RICHMOND."

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How acute was the grief inflicted by this letter! The unhappy wife could no longer bear up against such complicated misfortunes. This was a case that could admit of no consolation, and Miss Fortescue could only mingle her tears with those of her wretched friend.

As, the following day, they sat brooding over their sorrows, Mr. Villars was announced. He looked pale and agitated.

"Is

"Is not Lord Richmond at home?" asked he.

"No," said Miss Fortescue; "he is not indeed: how I wish he was!"

"So do I, from the bottom of my heart!" earnestly replied Villars.

"Why are you so anxious?" enquired Harriet.

Villars hesitated.

"I had business of importance," at last he answered. "Do you expect him at dinner?"

Lady Richmond answered with a sigh—"Oh, no; he is, I fear, now in France."

"Good God! then the information I received, is correct. What can be done to prevent mischief?"

"What do you apprehend?" asked the alarmed Lady Richmond.

"Pardon me," said Villars, "if I have unthinkingly

unthinkingly added to your fears; but my apprehensions overpowered my prudence. I heard from Mrs. Grimalkin, that Lord Richmond was gone in pursuit of my brother and his *wife* (for such he has made Vittoria), and I hoped to be here convinced, that in part at least she had been misinformed. A special licence, I hear, was obtained; and, as soon as the ceremony was performed, the married couple set out for France; but to what part I could not learn: and sincerely do I hope, Lord Richmond may be kept equally in the dark."

"I trust in God," said Miss Fortescue, "that Lord Richmond, infatuated as he is, before he reaches Calais, will be sufficiently cool to see the wickedness, as well as absurdity of his conduct. All, I ardently hope, may yet go well, though the present

appearance of things looks dark and dreary."

"Can you," said Villars, "my amiable friends, advise me how to act? Can I, by any possible means, prevent uneasy consequences?"

"We can, on this topic," said Miss Fortescue, "suggest nothing. What think you of consulting the Marquis Almanza?"

"I will do so," answered Mr. Villars; and, with a heavy heart, took his leave.

Many days elapsed, and still no intelligence from Lord Richmond. Mr. Villars had, however, learned, through a French correspondent, that no meeting had taken place, and that Lord Richmond was still in ignorance as to the route Lord Allen had taken. This was comparatively a relief, and he flattered himself, that so much time having elapsed, the heat of

resentment

resentment might subside in his Lordship's breast, let the mortifications he had endured have been ever so galling, particularly as the lady was actually married.

The Marquis Almanza advised Mr. Villars to remain quietly in England, as his interposition could, in his opinion, be of no use whatever. The Marquis had heard from Count Julian, on his route towards Spain; as had Lady Catherine Surrey, from her brother Percy: and with unfeigned joy she remarked, that, from the style of the letter, this deserving brother was in much better spirits than when he left England. She, with all her friends at the Duchess of Ormond's, flattered themselves with the hope that the young knight-errants would return, bearing in triumph their long-lost, much-loved Adeliza.

## CHAP. V.

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tone bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first conceived grief?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words!

SHAKESPEARE.

IT is now necessary to give some account of Lord Allen and his fair fellow-traveller. He well knew that, were he and Lord Richmond to meet, a duel must be the unavoidable consequence; and this he felt no immediate inclination to engage in.

He

He therefore made an agreement with Donna Vittoria, that the moment the marriage ceremony was performed, they should go over to France, and there conceal themselves, till the first ebullitions of Lord Richmond's rage and disappointment should subside.

This the lady, though with reluctance, consented to; and which probably she would have refused, had not private reasons of her own rendered a little humility at present necessary. Accordingly, they crossed to Calais, and thence travelled on, intending to remain a short time in a village a few leagues from Paris. Here they found the accommodation so wretched, that it was impossible to remain; and Lord Allen, recollecting another place that he thought might favour their present plan, they proceeded thither. On entering

Paris, which they were under the necessity of passing through—

"There cannot possibly, my dear Lord," said Vittoria, "be any harm or danger in remaining in this enchanting place two days: only two days I petition for, my love! You cannot refuse the first request your wife makes you!"

"Well!" replied he; "if you so earnestly desire it, I cannot object; but I am by no means satisfied, that that hot-brained fellow, Richmond, will not overtake us here!"

Vittoria however succeeded in persuading him that this was impossible, and it was settled that here they were to remain the short interval proposed.

On the evening of the first day of their being in Paris, as Lady Allen was alone, sitting by a back window of the hotel, and which

which looked into a garden, she heard voices just beneath the window. She cautiously looked out, and saw two genteel-looking young men seated on a bench, in *earnest* conversation. She was waiting her Lord's return, who had promised to accompany her out; and, as she had nothing to employ herself in, nor any very pleasing reflections of her own, she thought she might as well amuse herself by listening to what appeared to interest so strongly the two strangers. She drew close to the window, but so as not to be observed.

"I have," said one of them, "within these last six months, travelled over France, Germany, Portugal, and the greater part of Spain, and have been delighted with my tour."

"Do you," said his companion, "know many Spanish families?"

"But few," was the reply.

"Then," said the other, "in all likelihood, you are not acquainted with my particular friend."

"Who is he?"

"Why the story which is attached to him, is almost too romantic to be credited; and, had I not heard it from his own lips, it must have staggered every other testimony. The friend of whom I speak, has, for these three years, been by his whole family considered as having fallen a victim to a desperate horde of banditti, who infest a forest, through which he was obliged to pass, in going to receive the last words of his dying father. I, among the rest, sincerely deplored the loss of him: he was universally beloved, and his untimely end mourned by all but a sister, who, though beautiful as an angel, had the temper and

heart

heart of a very tigress. She succeeded to his immense fortune, and, I fear, thought only of that. I think, 'tis about ten days since I was walking quietly in the streets of Granada, and it was nearly dusk, when, turning a corner, some one tapped me on the shoulder. I started, fearing I was going to be attacked, when how agreeably was I undeceived by a voice, which I instantly recognised, saying—'What, will you not acknowledge your old friend?'—With astonishment I gazed at him—'Can it be possible?' said I; 'is my much-esteemed friend risen from the dead? Do I indeed behold Velasco Altimira?'"

The confounded, guilty Vittoria sank, bereft of sense, upon the floor, and in this state was discovered by her Lord. He raised her, and, much alarmed, endeavoured

to restore her to life. When she opened her eyes, she stared wildly around her.

"Oh, hide me—hide me!" exclaimed she, covering her face with both hands. "See, see! he comes to drag me to punishment. I did not murder him! No, I only——"

Here her words became inarticulate.

"Do not you see him?" said she, again breaking out. "Look!" continued she, as with distended eyes she seemed to follow something along the wall; "yes, now he laughs. Oh!" said she, folding her hands in a supplicating attitude, and addressing the imaginary being, "do not betray me! You shall have all your fortune back; but do not brand me with the foul name of murderer! He will not hear me; observe how deridingly he points at me!"

"Who?"

"Who?" said the wonderstruck husband; "there is no one here. Compose yourself, my love: what can have thus alarmed you?"

The wretched young woman burst into a violent passion of tears, which in some measure restored her to her senses.

"I have been very ill," said she; "Oh my heart!"

"You have," replied her husband; "but do not now think of it."

She spoke not for some time.

"Were you alarmed at my absence?" asked he.

"I was," said Vittoria. "I feared, from the length of time you were absent, that you had met with that odious man, Lord Richmond. This supposition terrified me so, that I suppose I fainted; but I shall soon be well, now I see you safe."

This fancied proof of her affection flattered him, and he felt grateful for her solicitude. He would have persuaded her to remain quietly at home; but that she would not hear of. She felt with extreme torture the stings of offended conscience, and wished, if possible, to fly from the disagreeable monitor.

"Where shall we go?" asked Lord Allen.

"Any where; I care not whither, so as it is from home."

He regarded her with surprise.

"Shall we go to the Opera?"

"With all my heart," she replied eagerly; "and it is time we were gone."

She tied on her hat, and with her Lord stepped into the carriage that waited for them.

"You had better leave your hat in the carriage; had you not, Vittoria?"

"Oh,

"Oh, yes," answered she, with a vague look; "I had forgot."

When the Opera was above half over, Lady Allen closely grasped the arm of her Lord.

"Oh God!" said she, in a low yet quick voice, "there is Richmond! Let us get out; I do not think he perceives us."

Lord Allen instantly with alarm quitted his seat, almost dragging his wretched wife after him. Just as they gained the outer door, Lord Richmond, pale as ashes, his lips quivering with rage, started out upon them. He caught hold of Lord Allen by the collar—

"Villain, coward, robber!" said he; "have I at last discovered you?—But I will be calm; it would be impolitic to make a bustle here: I shall follow you."

Lord Allen, trembling with a variety of emotions,

emotions, lifted his almost insensible wife into the carriage, and followed her, while Lord Richmond watched the carriage. In terms the most bitter, did Lord Allen reproach his wife, as the cause of this unlucky rencontre.

"One of us," said he, "must die; this business will be no coquettish play. Oh, cursed fool that I was, so easily to be duped by your artifices, wretched woman!"

"How dare you presume," said Vittoria, assuming all her native haughtiness, "to talk to me in this style? Think you, that I will tamely be insulted by you? No, Sir! If such are your absurd ideas, you have still to learn the spirit of Vittoria. Do not suppose that, because I appeared anxious about your personal safety, I shall dwindle into the acquiescing, insipid character of an English wife? No!

despise the poor, grovelling, domestic drudge. If, Sir, I cannot be treated with that deference due to my exalted rank, independent of my beauty—if I cannot *sustain* my character with all the dignity that it has a right to claim, I *will die!* Vittoria Altimira fears not death."

The carriage stopped, and they alighted. Lord Richmond stood at the door of the hotel.

"You had better walk in, my Lord," said Vittoria, with a careless air, as she passed him.

He regarded her with a look of mingled wonder and contempt; but answered her not.

"I am prepared," said he to Lord Allen; "will you follow me?"

"I will attend you instantly."

They walked without speaking for some

 minutes;

minutes; at length the silence was broken by Lord Richmond's saying—

"I could not have suspected, after the confidence I reposed in you, that you could have acted as you have done. Had you, Lord Allen, been a stranger to my attachment to Vittoria, and my plans relative to her, I could not have wondered; but having reposed my confidence in you as a friend, when you knew that all was in a fair way to complete my wishes, your conduct must appear in the most dishonourable point of view."

"And how stands your's, my Lord?" was the reply. "You can, Lord Richmond, but ill defend *that*. I have married a woman that I admired; this is my crime. You would have done the same; but to effect this, an innocent wife, who brought you an immense fortune, must be cruelly abused—

'abused—her character for ever blasted, before you could obtain your purpose! And then you could not have known happiness. Had Vittoria loved you, as you credulously supposed she did, would she have married me? She knew your fortune was lost, your reputation bad; that her character suffered from her intimacy with you, and therefore eagerly catched at the offer which I was by Mrs. Grimalkin persuaded to make her."

"Every word you utter," replied Lord Richmond, "still adds to my contempt of you. The blame you would attach to others, is wholly your own; nor can any thing less than blood wash away the hatred I have conceived of you! But we came not out to talk, but to act; one of us this night must fall!"

"In

"In that," replied Lord Allen, "we are of one mind."

Fearing, if they fought with pistols, they should be heard, and probably be put under arrest, they chose swords. Reaching a field which they thought would answer their present dreadful purpose, as being retired, these two mistaken young men began their bloody work. The night was tempestuous, clouds passing quickly across the face of the moon.

For some time Lord Allen parried the thrusts of his antagonist with great skill, and had likewise given him several wounds; which, so far from cooling, served only the more to irritate. Provoked and desperate, he made a lunge that penetrated his opponent's heart!

So fell the young and gay Lord Allen.

Lord

Lord Richmond had no suspicion that he had so effectually done his business; but, writhing under the pain of his own wounds, waited to see if Lord Allen returned to the charge: but finding that he neither spake nor moved, crawled up to him.

"Are you satisfied?" asked he; but not obtaining any answer to his often repeated enquiry, he was alarmed, and leaned down towards him.

The moon emerging from behind a dark cloud, displayed to his view the distorted face of the man he so short a time before had styled his friend, now impressed with the indelible stamp of grisly death. He turned sick as he contemplated the horrid spectacle, and groaned in anguish of body and mind. The sounds of distress brought two men who were passing by, into the field.

"Here

"Here has been bloody work!" said one of them. "How is all this, friend?" addressing Lord Richmond.

"Ask no questions," replied his Lordship; "but carry this body to the *Hotel Neuf*, and you shall be liberally rewarded."

"You accompany us, I suppose?" said the man.

"No," returned his Lordship; "there can be no necessity for that."

"Ah!" said one of the men, "here has been foul play; and he would have us carry home the dead body, and bear the blame, and perhaps the punishment. No, Sir, that will never do; you must go with us."

Lord Richmond was incapable of resistance; but two men were insufficient to support both the dead and the wounded. They therefore hallooed as loud as they could

could for assistance, and in a short time it happened that two gentlemen joined them.

"What is the matter?" asked both in a breath.

"A couple of hot-headed Englishmen have been fighting here: one is departed to his last home; the other does not seem as if he would be long after him. We have no other objection to carry them to their hotel, but that we cannot do it alone. Will you, gentlemen, have the humanity to assist us?"

"We will," answered they.

Lord Richmond had thrown himself upon the wet grass, from which he was with difficulty raised; and, with much suffering on his part, he and the mangled corpse were conveyed to the hotel.

Lord

Lord Richmond had nearly lost his voice; he could only articulate "Lady Allen."

"That," said one of the gentlemen, "must be his wife, I should suppose; if so, she is in this hotel. But, good God! what a spectacle is this even for an unconcerned person to behold! I know not what to do."

They had, with some trouble, been permitted the use of a low room from the landlord. While the gentlemen were still debating on what had best be done to break it to Lady Allen, they heard a female voice exclaiming—

"Oh! where—tell me instantly where they are!" and, with distraction in her looks, Lady Allen rushed into the room. She shrieked as she beheld the bloody objects.

"Oh

"Oh Heavens!" said she, wildly, "explain to me the meaning of this horrid sight!"

One of the stranger gentlemen advanced. *He would* have spoken; but the instant she beheld him, she sunk senseless on the floor. Both hastened to her assistance; but it was some time ere she recovered.

In the meanwhile a surgeon had arrived, who now wished the lady to be removed out of the room, while he examined the wounds of the surviving combatant; which indeed wore the most threatening aspect. When Lady Allen first opened her eyes, she fixed them eagerly on the face of the stranger.

"Do you know me?" in an impatient tone, asked she.

"I do!" he replied.

"Then

"Then you it was who lately saw Velasco?"

"I did."

"And he lives?" said she, in a desperate tone. "Say but that, and——"

"And *what?*" asked the gentleman, much agitated.

The surgeon again entreated that they would persuade the lady to leave the room, as further delay in attending to the wounded person, might be highly dangerous. Her attention being directed that way, she approached the dying Lord Richmond. Beholding his altered countenance, in which agony was most frightfully portrayed, she burst into tears, and, taking his cold and almost lifeless hand in her's, uttered the most extravagant expressions of grief; but he seemed to be insensible

insensible to every thing. Opening his languid eyes, and casting them towards her, with a convulsive shudder he instantly closed them again.

*The* wretched Vittoria was now forcibly dragged from him, and with infinite difficulty got into another room. One of the gentlemen remained with her, while the other assisted the surgeon, to whom he said—

"I fear there is but little hope!"

"None, Sir, in my opinion. Life is fast ebbing; nothing human, I think, can save him."

"Do you indeed think so? Heavens and earth, what a desperate business this must have been! But let us administer all the relief possible."

The wounds were bound up, and every thing necessary done; and, in the course

of an hour, Lord Richmond seemed in a great degree restored to his recollection: though the pain he suffered was excruciating, and his voice so feeble, as scarcely to be heard.

"Is my poor friend dead?" said his Lordship.

"He is!" replied the surgeon. "He was so before I was sent for."

Lord Richmond groaned in agony.

"What a desperate deed have I committed!" said he. "How shall I answer at the awful tribunal, before which I feel too surely, I must ere long appear?"

The tone of despair, as well as contrition, with which this was uttered, affected the stranger, who, going to the unhappy young man, endeavoured to sooth him; but every thing he said, though urged with all the warmth of humanity, failed of its desired

desired effect: for the heart, to which it was addressed, was filled with immoveable and unavailing remorse.

The pitying stranger was discouraged, and presently obeyed the voice of his friend, who loudly summoned him.

"For the love of Heaven," he cried, "do come with me, and see what can be done with this outrageous lady! She absolutely terrifies me, and raves about you."

"I am not in the least surprised at her extravagance; nor will you," said Lord Howard, "when I tell you, she is the cruel sister of my friend, about whom we were this very afternoon conversing."

"Heavens! Can that be possible?" replied his companion; "but haste—let us go to the wretched young woman: I fear we shall yet witness some other deed of desperation!"

Lord Howard accompanied his friend. Vittoria was, with distracted steps, pacing up and down the apartment. She paused on hearing the door open, and, perceiving Lord Howard, hastily approached him. She caught hold of his hand, and, looking eagerly in his face, said—

"Yes, I well remember you; you came with Velasco to my father's chateau, with the Count Julian."

"I did!" replied he; "and loved your brother, as if he had been my own. Dear youth, how rejoiced I was to behold him once more in the land of the living!"

"Are you *sure* you saw him, and that he still lives?" asked Vittoria, in a solemn tone.

"Perfectly so," answered Lord Howard; "I talked to him, and was equally, as I before said, overjoyed and astonished to see him."

"Answer

"Answer me but one question more," said Vittoria, "and I have done. Do you think that Lord Richmond, the wounded person you have humanely been attending, *will* live, or not? Answer me this question with truth, as you value life, honour, and happiness!"

"I fear," answered he, "compelled as I am to speak, there are but very faint hopes indeed that he can recover; at least, so the surgeon thinks."

"Then," said Vittoria, calmly, "'tis fit that I should see him. I will, gentlemen, be with you again in a few minutes."

She rushed by them, and immediately repaired to the room, where lay the dying Lord Richmond. He was extended on a mattress, on the floor, and appeared to be in a quiet doze. Vittoria crept close to him, and knelt down by his side. She

gazed on the deathlike countenance, with feelings of the strongest horror and remorse; the tears streamed down her scorching cheeks, while with bitterness she reproached herself as the fatal cause of this catastrophe.

In one corner of the room lay the body of her late husband, covered with a table-cloth; but this she had not the courage to approach, fearing that even the dead might be raised, to reproach her with the wrongs she had so cruelly heaped upon him. Every now and then she cast a fearful and hurried glance that way; but as instantly withdrew her regard, and then fixed her eyes on the ghastly face of her injured dying favourite. Suddenly his pale countenance turned to a dark crimson, and the miserable young man, with a struggle, started up.

"Who

"Who are you?" said he, addressing Vittoria:

"Do you not know me, Richmond? Am I so soon forgotten?"

"Oh no!" replied he; "I can never—no, never forget that awful voice, that has lured me to destruction. Oh tremendous thought!——Vittoria, I am shortly going to leave this world for ever! How quickly do all its gaieties, and pleasures, falsely so called, recede from my sickened sight! In the morning of my life, all looked fresh and promising; novelty surprised me, and every childish glitter or gaudy colour transported me. Unconscious of the dangers which awaited me, I freely partook of every new delight, eager for those that were to succeed. Now, all the powers of thought are but as instruments of extremest torture. Oh Vittoria! the time was, when

virtuous, and not unprepared, I durst have looked forward to death without dread: now, how altered is my fate! My soul shudders at the idea of judgment to come, and would willingly shield itself in the gloom of annihilation, to escape from the condemning scrutiny. Ease and indulgence, and the pride of life, Vittoria, have, I much fear, damped your affection for better things—warped and perverted your judgment, and wrapped you up in selfish enjoyment. The world, as yet, has not treated you with much severity; on the contrary, it has spread continually before your eyes a feast, with which, by regaling yourself unsparingly, you must surely have been surfeited. If, Vittoria, you have any virtue left—if you wish to spare yourself the horrors of a death like mine, ere too late, let me entreat you to consider and repent.

repent. Fly, Vittoria, from the path strewed with roses, as it too surely leads to guilt and inevitable ruin. Would to God, I had attended to the instructions I received in religion in early life!—then, how different—how very different would have been my present situation!——My Caroline, sweet injured Caroline! even you, virtuous and good, would endeavour to sooth the agonies of your repentant husband; but, alas! such comfort I am quite unworthy of."

This was spoken at broken intervals; and, now entirely exhausted, he sunk upon his pillow, and, shuddering, expired!—a pattern of the bitterness of a life ill spent.

Vittoria, with fixed despair, surveyed the lifeless form. She stooped down, kissed the cold and clammy lips; then, with a distracted air, drew from her girdle

a dagger, which she plunged into l bosom!

The alarmed surgeon called aloud help, and presently, by his cries, brou Lord Howard and his friend into the roc Vittoria, pale and dying, lay on the flo between the body of her murdered h band and that of Lord Richmond. S raised her glazed eyes as they entered.

"Behold," said she, "this scene death—of direful destruction! avoid rocks on which I have wrecked my pea my happiness, and life. Ambition, a the love of adoration, I have thought far from reprehensible, that they w glorious; but now I feel their dire effe Destitute of the favour or protection God, like an orphan child (and such I a wandering through a trackless and burni desert, I go, expecting no shelter from

bla

black, gathering storm of divine vengeance: The fire of youth made even folly look pleasing, and gave beauty to objects which had in themselves no inherent good; like sunbeams painting the surface of a dark cloud, and diversifying it with beautiful stains of light, however black, unsubstantial, and empty in itself. Now, a Power, hitherto, I am sorry to say, unknown to my thoughtless breast and careless heart, must call me to judgment—to condemnation. Oh Death! how bitter are thy torments! how sharp thy arrows! how keen the stings inflicted by a guilty conscience!———I have lived wickedly; I have—Oh God! how harrowing the thought!—attempted the life of an only brother!——Yet he still lives; virtue must triumph; and I, wretch as I am,

without a single ray of hope to guide me through the gloom, awful as it is, must miserably perish!——Howard! friend of the noble youth whose misfortune it is to call me sister, take my dying prayers, if a wretch like me dare pray; say, I from my soul repent the wrongs I did him. Beseech him to forgive—to pity his repentant sister.——Oh! dare I sue for pardon?—— To the mercy of an all-forgiving God I commend myself with trembling fears!"

After a short struggle, her harassed soul took its everlasting flight.

With horror the three gentlemen contemplated the scene of death which surrounded them.

Lord Howard was a young English Nobleman, who, in the course of two years' absence from England, had in his travels

formed a friendship with Velasco; and, when in England, had known Lord Richmond. He instantly wrote to Lord Raby an account of the disastrous circumstances that he had witnessed; and said, that, as a countryman, he felt it a duty incumbent upon him to remain in Paris, till he received his Lordship's instructions how to act in this real tragedy, or till a proper person was sent over, to act in his stead.

CHAP.

## CHAP. VI.

Time will unfold what plaited cunning hides;
Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.
.....
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tint.

SHAKESPEARE.

DAY after day dragged its weary round, and still found Adeliza the hapless inhabitant of a solitary cell. Hope had almost taken everlasting flight from her harassed

harassed breast, and she sunk under the accumulation of her woes. The colour forsook her cheeks, while her eyes lost all their lustre. The cruel reflection that she had occasioned the death of a parent, almost crushed her beneath its grievous pressure. No one ever came near her, except the harsh-looking man, who each day brought her provisions; nor had she once, during her confinement here, heard the sound of a human voice. In short, nothing could be more distressing, more helpless, or deplorable, than the state to which this interesting girl was reduced.

A long period had passed, when one day, as she lay on her mattress, the door of her cell was opened, and, to her inexpressible surprise, she saw the good Father La Merci enter. He started, on beholding the pale and altered form of Adeliza.

"My

"My child!" said he, in accents the most tender, "my dear child!"

She extended her shadowy hand. He took it between both his, and, pressing as he raised it, burst into tears.

This roused the languid Adeliza.

"You are," said she, "too compassionate—too kind. Are you shocked to observe the ravages, which grief and the endless gnawings of remorse have made on me? Oh Heaven! can any sufferings atone for my crime?"

"Talk not thus, my child; it distresses my heart to hear you thus condemn yourself. Sweet innocent! what action can you have committed, to deserve such harsh self-reproaches?"

"Alas!" said she, raising her eyes towards heaven, with a supplicating expression, not unmixed with dread, while a faint

faint colour overspread her almost bloodless cheeks, "have I not murdered a *Parent?* Is not that sufficiently terrible?"

"How came you, my child, to imagine so grievous a thing? Banish such self-tormenting thoughts from your guiltless bosom. There is some mystery in this business, which must be explained."

Adeliza devoured every syllable that fell from the benevolent Father's lips; daring hardly to breathe, lest she should lose one word of what he said.

"Is there then," said she, grasping hold of his garment, by which she raised herself upon her knees, while she eagerly gazed in his face; "is there then a shadow of hope left me? Oh, tell me this, while yet I retain sense to understand the blessed sounds: say, I did not murder my father, and——"

The

The emotion was more than her enfeebled frame could support, and she sunk prostrate on her mattress.

The Father, distressed beyond measure, knew not what steps to pursue. He raised her; but, from his age, was unequal, he felt, to the task of carrying her into the habitable part of the chateau. Finding that she did not recover, he, greatly alarmed, went out, and called for assistance, and, presently, Beatrice came.

"Follow me!" said he. "Now, my good woman, lift this unhappy young creature gently in your arms, and carry her whither I shall lead the way."

When Beatrice raised the emaciated figure, and surveyed the pale face—

"Jesu Maria!" exclaimed she, "how the sweet lady is altered! How could Bernardo have the cruelty to see this, and

no

ot tell me? Well, I will never forgive im.——Carry her! Yes; that 'tis easy o do—she is as light as an infant."

The Father led the way to the little drawing-room, and there had the still lifeless form laid upon the settee. He then procured some cordial drops, which he with difficulty got down her throat, and soon had the satisfaction of observing symptoms of returning animation. When restored, he seated himself by her, and, by his gentle and soothing conversation, in some degree succeeded in calming her agitated and harassed spirits.

"But," said Adeliza, "you do not tell me of my father! I greatly fear you have been deceiving me."

"I never deceive, my child; I hope and believe your father still lives!"

She burst into tears.

"Oh

"Oh merciful God! I thank thee; then I shall no longer deserve the hated appellation of parricide. But tell me, how can this be?"

"I have, my child, much to communicate; but not now: your spirits are so weak, I cannot trust you. You must get better; for you have yet much to go through, and that which will require your utmost fortitude."

"I am quite well, and perfectly composed now," said Adeliza, while her tremulous voice and hectic cheek contradicted the assertion.

"What shall I do?" said the good man. "Your father was not, as was supposed, my child, drowned. He escaped the death. He has been dangerously ill; but is now in a fair way of recovery, and, ere many days elapse, you shall see him."

As the Father talked, Adeliza gradually raised her clasped hands towards heaven, and, for some minutes after he had done speaking, continued, as if in silent ejaculation.

The good Father with admiration contemplated this picture of pure devotion. In her eyes was an expression of grateful joy, tempered with humility, which was beautiful beyond idea. Her lips moved, while her whole soul seemed to soar above all sublunary things. She unclasped her hands, and, taking one of the venerable man's, respectfully pressed it to her heart.

"Oh, how faint and cold is language," said she, "to express my present feelings!"

"I must now," observed the Father, "direct your thoughts into another channel. The task I am under the necessity of imposing on you, will not be pleasant; but

but you do not ask me how I came to know of your confinement, or by what power I have released you!"

"While," she replied, "so important a concern pressed upon my heart, how could I for an instant think of any thing, in comparison of that so trivial!"

"True," answered the Father; "but now I must inform you that the Duke Garcias Moresco has done all this."

"How!" asked the alarmed Adeliza, "the Duke! Oh, I am sick at heart!"

"You must bear up, my child; I told you that all your fortitude would be necessary. The poor Duke is no longer an object of dread, but of compassion; he is lying on the bed of death, and has, I judge, but a few hours to live. He wishes much to see *you*—nay, start not—and, if possible, atone for the cruelty of his conduct. He

at

at this moment impatiently expects you; will you, my child, accompany me to his chamber?"

Adeliza trembled.

"Can my going be of any service? If so, I will obey; but if possible, I would avoid such a scene."

"It will," said the Father, "be the greatest possible comfort to the Duke; and certain I am, my child will overcome her apprehensions and scruples, when, by so doing, she can administer ease to a dying penitent."

"I will," said she, rising from her seat, "attend you, dear Sir, though so enfeebled; lead the way—I will follow."

As he put his hand on the lock of the chamber door, he turned to Adeliza—

"Be not," said he, "alarmed at the scene which may present itself; death, to

to a mind so rightly disposed as your's can have no terrors."

He entered the gloomy chamber, and she followed. The room was dark, excepting where the chink of the shutter admitted a feeble ray of light, which shone directly upon the bed. The Father went up to the side of it.

"You have not succeeded!" said the Duke, in an impatient tone. "I thought, good Father, you were too sanguine. How could I indeed expect that injured creature would come near a wretch like me? Surely, the wish was a most unreasonable one!"

"I am here," said Adeliza, drawing aside the curtain at the foot of the bed; "and if it will in any degree minister to your comfort, I freely forgive you all the wrongs done to me."

He

He covered his face with his hands—

"Oh Heavens!" groaned he, "how have I merited such unexampled goodness —such forgiveness? Sweet injured excellence—amiable, compassionate Adeliza! How—Oh, in what language can I express the gratitude I feel towards you for this unlooked-for clemency!"

As he spake, he gradually raised himself in bed; his head fell back, and the light shining directly upon him, distinctly shewed his altered face.

At all times thin and sallow, he appeared now to have but barely the skin stretched over his cheek bones. His eyes were sunk and hollow, while his mouth seemed drawn on one side; his whole countenance expressive of pain and misery.

"Will Adeliza," said he to the Father La Merci, "come round here by you, and sit down?"

With feeble steps she did as requested. The Duke drew the curtain aside; he gazed upon her with an expression of the strongest remorse.

"Oh God!" exclaimed he, "what a wretch have I been! Adeliza, you are much altered; and all this my doing! Merciful Heaven! what a tremendous reckoning ought I to be prepared for! Distraction and despair are in the direful thought. Father! can I—dare I hope—can any repentance atone for the crimes I have committed? Death, with hasty strides, approaches, nor will the terrible moment be put off."

"Yes," said the holy man, "there is one stay left—*hope;* that is denied to no one. If that were taken from us, how much more deplorable were our state than that of the beasts who perish! I would not flatter

you: far be from me such deviation from duty; but if I may judge from what you have related to me, it would be presumptuous, no less than cruel, to say you have offended beyond forgiveness. Greatly as you have erred, and widely as you have gone astray in the crooked paths of vice, yet God forbid it should be so! No, I hope that time may be spared, ere you go hence, not only to make your peace on earth, but with offended Heaven! May that Almighty Power, who is infinite in mercy and compassion, pour into your heart a just sense of his divine religion! then will you be enabled to form a just estimate of the unworthiness of us frail mortals, and his boundless goodness. Can we contemplate, unawed, the works of grandeur and majesty which Nature displays? Can we, without the warmest

emotions of gratitude, survey the profusion of good which every where surrounds us? What then must be the ecstatic emotions of our soul, when we look up to that Being, whose power created all these things, as our *Father*—as the rewarder of every good action, as well as the impartial distributor of justice to the wicked. But for the blessings of religion, what were life? a comfortless journey through a barren wilderness, ending in darkness unfathomable. Religion, not the cold offspring of barbarous speculation or superstition, but the warm and vigorous dictates of the heart, cheers and enlivens the dreary way; and clearly points, with the finger of faith, to everlasting glory and happiness in the realms of life and light."

"Would to God!" said the contrite Duke, "that in early life I had been blessed

blessed with such an instructor! How much misery had been spared, both to myself and others! But, alas! retrospection will now but little avail, unless, by forcibly bringing my sins to remembrance, it makes me the more sincere and humble a penitent now. I would repeat to this sweet, injured girl, the history of my life; but 'tis long, and I am extremely faint!——Oh, mercy, surely the tortures I now endure, will be some atonement!——Do not, Adeliza, I beseech you, leave me; when this spasm is over, I shall be easier. I wish to talk to you——Oh!—oh!"

The unfortunate man groaned in the most shocking manner. Adeliza would have given worlds to leave the room; but this she would not do, as the miserable sufferer so earnestly entreated she would

not. Her heart sickened, while with fervour her prayers were offered up for ease to her persecutor. In about half an hour the intense pain subsided, and he eagerly enquired for Adeliza.

"I am here," said she; "I hope your Grace is easier!"

"Thanks, sweet forgiving friend; I suffer less in body, but the tortures of the mind cannot so soon obtain relief."

He spake this in a voice hardly articulate, and the Father La Merci, perceiving how much he was exhausted, succeeded in persuading him to endeavour to get some repose.

"And now," said he to Adeliza, "I must insist upon your doing the same. To-morrow will be a new day, and much may be done; now it is absolutely necessary that

that you should have some rest. I will give you something to compose your spirits, and in the morning you will be another creature. Should the Duke turn worse, you shall be called."

As Adeliza could make no reasonable opposition to this plan, she quietly acquiesced, thanking the good man for his attention. She was by Beatrice shewn to bed, where exhausted nature soon sunk into a profound repose.

## CHAP. VII.

Before ambition touch'd the poison'd heart,
Ere gold in friendship or in love had part—
Before religion was a mystic trade,
There was a time when nature was obey'd;
When happy man was void of crime or fear,
His friendship perfect, and his love sincere.

HANBURY.

ON waking in the morning, Adeliza found herself much refreshed. She arose, and, just as she had breakfasted, was visited by the Father La Merci. They together went into the drawing-room, where, seating himself beside her, he thus addressed her.

"I told

"I told you, my child, that your dear father had been dangerously ill. This was occasioned by many wounds—nay, start not—received from a villain; and, I am *truly* sorry to be under the necessity of disclosing it, by the Duke's order. Thank Heaven, they did not prove fatal! so that the wretched man has not the direful crime of actual murder to add to the catalogue of his sins. In the wounded condition I have described, I had the singular good fortune to discover him, and the still greater happiness of contributing to his restoration. He is now, thanks to the Blessed Virgin, almost recovered. The knowledge that you, his much-loved child, was not dead, as he had been led to suppose, contributed more to his cure than any other human means could have done. When I told him that you not only lived,

but was restored to health, I thought the joyful intelligence would have quite overpowered him. I however talked him into composure, and he now impatiently waits to see his beloved daughter once more. He will, in compliance with the Duke's request, be here to-day, and he has promised me to forgive and forget all that has passed, as he confesses he has himself by no means been free from blame. Of this you can yourself judge, when you hear both recitals. Will you come and visit the Duke? He has anxiously been enquiring after you."

"I will," she replied. "I fear almost to ask; but are there any hopes of his recovery?"

"None, I fear!" answered the Father; "his illness is a frightful one: I dare not hope he can possibly recover."

The

The Duke addressed her with the utmost kindness.

"You, I suppose, know, Adeliza, that your father is expected here!"

"I do, Sir; and with what joy shall I behold him!"

"And what remorse shall I!" said the Duke. "Your father and I, you will be surprised to hear, have been old acquaintances—nay, once dear inseparable friends."

"That friendship will, I trust, Sir, be restored!"

"Oh, no; I fear that can never be! he can never forgive the injuries I have done him."

"My father," said Adeliza, "was not wont to be severe, much less inexorable."

As the time drew near that was to bring her father to the chateau, the emotions of

our heroine increased, nor was the Duke by any means less agitated. The Father La Merci had been gone some time, and every passing footstep both listened to with eagerness. At length, voices were heard on the stairs; the door opened, and Adeliza was in the next instant folded to her father's breast.

The meeting was affecting in the extreme, and may be much better imagined than described.

"Your mother, Adeliza, your dearest mother! I dare hardly ask where is she? —Ah! is it so?—Those tears sadly proclaim the irretrievable loss I have sustained. Oh cruel death! to rob me of my choicest treasure; but tell me, my child, how this fatal event happened?"

Adeliza, as distinctly as her tears would permit, related the melancholy tale; her father

father listening with the deepest sorrow to the heart-rending recital.

This scene, which inadvertently, at the Duke's express desire, took place in his room, was to him agonizing; as it planted his own cruel conduct in the very worst light before him.

"Can you," said the guilty Duke, extending his hand; "can the man whom once I styled my friend, forgive the injuries, the multiplied wrongs I have done him? Dare I flatter myself he will?"

Captain Pembroke advanced to the bedside; he took the proffered hand, and with emotion replied—

"From this moment I banish from my heart all resentment and animosity. I have indeed been myself much to blame. I confess myself the first aggressor, and what

what I have suffered, has only been an adequate punishment; but my child," said he, turning towards Adeliza; then adding, in rather a reproachful tone—" what had she done?"

" Oh, speak not of me!" said Adeliza; " all sorrow, and every trace of resentful reflection are banished from my breast, in the happiness I now partake of. With all my heart I cheerfully forgive the Duke, and fervently wish it was in my power to contribute to his ease or comfort."

" What a monster have I been!" exclaimed the Duke. " Still, if life be denied, in death I will endeavour to make some restitution to you, my forgiving friends."

" Talk not of dying," said Captain Pembroke; " many peaceful days are, I trust,

trust, yet in reserve for you, to make up for the miserable ones you have already endured."

"You must not, my friend, flatter me; to buoy me up with false hope, is in vain! I cannot live; the poison rages through my veins, and seems to tear and burn my very vitals. The torture I endure, is past conception; but I merit it, therefore must humbly kiss the hand that scourges me so justly. I have to the good Father La Merci related the greater part of my history; I would do the same to you, but am unequal to the task. One circumstance hangs heavily upon my mind; but that I must disclose myself: to-morrow, perhaps, I may be better able than now. Exhausted as I am by the scene I have just witnessed, I feel faint; death may already have begun his last work. If such is the case, I beg,

Father,

Father, you will not fear to tell me; for I cannot die in peace, with this secret pressing on my mind."

The Father assured him that there was no immediate danger, and begged that he would compose himself, while he and Captain Pembroke, with his daughter, would go into the antiroom, and be ready to attend him whenever he called. This plan agreed to, they left the Duke to his attendants.

After a little conversation, "I cannot," said Captain Pembroke, "look on you, my child, and behold your altered form, without feelings of sorrow and remorse; particularly considering myself, as I do, the primary cause of your confinement. This will be proved to you, when I relate the events of my life, which, after what has passed, I shall do without reserve."

"That,"

"That," said the Father La Merci, "is what the Duke ardently wished for. Although it is impossible to exculpate his past misconduct, it may not appear in so shocking a light as it at present must."

"True," replied Captain Pembroke; "but, amidst all these recitals, let us not, my child, forget to pay our grateful thanks where they are most due; for, dear Sir, but for the unbounded humanity and goodness with which you have treated us, what had been our fate? I should have been food for some beast of prey, and my child a devoted inhabitant of a dungeon for life; but, thanks to a merciful God, and you who acted under him, how different is our present situation! and accordingly we must value the blessing."

"My heart," said Adeliza, while tears trembled in her eyes, "is too full to speak; but

but you will, I know, give me credit for feeling as I ought, the infinite obligations I am under to you. That Being, whom you serve with such unaffected piety, and obey with such ready humility, can alone reward you. The day will come, when every generous and noble deed shall, like stars, adorn the crown of glory, with which, at the last awful day of judgment, angels in triumph shall encircle your reverend head."

The good Father La Merci was affected by the address of the enthusiastic Adeliza, and turned aside, to conceal the tears that strayed unbidden down his furrowed face.

Captain Pembroke brushed his hand across his eyes, and affectionately folded his amiable child to his paternal heart.

They were soon summoned to the Duke's chamber.

"I cannot

"I cannot sleep," said he, "and therefore make this trespass on your humanity. It will not, in all probability, be long that I shall thus tax you; besides, I am extremely solicitous to hear, my friend, your recital, which, though it may recall many unpleasant remembrances, still may be beneficial in the consequences;—will you indulge me?"

"Most assuredly," replied Captain Pembroke.

Adeliza seated herself in anxious expectation.

"It will," said Captain Pembroke, "be requisite, in the course of my narration, to go back many years; and you, my Adeliza, will then learn what has hitherto been kept a secret from you."

She bowed, and Captain Pembroke began—

"At

"At the time of the commencement of my acquaintance with the Duke Garcias Moresco, I was about two-and-twenty, and with my tutor on my travels. Having gone through the greater part of France, Germany, and Italy, I thought I might as well visit Spain, as the time I was to be absent from England, was not yet expired. The plan being approved of by my tutor, we went forward to Granada, and there I first met the Duke. He was at that period a Captain in the Walloon Guards, which is a distinguished honour, and which nothing less than a Grandee of Spain can aspire to. I was flattered by the attention he paid me, and pleased with his manners and conversation. The great friendship he treated me with, made me readily accept an invitation to the Castle of Santa Fe; and my tutor, finding I was disposed to remain

remain in Spain for some time, left me without my father's concurrence, and returned to England. Two months I spent most pleasantly at Santa Fe, and at that time became master of a secret, which proved the great confidence with which I was entrusted. One day I asked why so many elegant alterations were making in the Castle, and was answered, that they were preparations for the reception of a wife—a most charming woman, as he described her, and a countrywoman of mine: and that he should return with me to England, to claim his affianced bride. This subject once mentioned, it became naturally the constant topic of conversation; while the commendations so liberally bestowed by him on the lady, excited my curiosity in the highest degree, and I was prepared to behold, concentered in this incomparable

woman,

woman, all the perfections of the whole sex.

"At the proposed time, the Duke and I set out for England, where we arrived without any accident. The Duke went instantly to the house of Colonel Rivers, brother to his intended bride, while I waited upon my father. By my mother I was received with delight, which a favourite son might expect after an absence of three years; I being rejoiced to find this indulgent parent in health and spirits. My father, who was always severe, now reprehended me strongly for the imprudence I had been guilty of, in sending home my tutor without his permission. I am afraid I replied to this reproof with more of petulance than humility. I know, my father was much exasperated, and ordered me from his presence. This I did not much

much regard, trusting to the influence my mother had over him, which I well knew would be exerted in my favour. For the three years I had been absent, my tutor had left me to uncontrouled self-indulgence; therefore, it was not much to be wondered at, that I did not relish being under such arbitrary government. This I without reserve communicated to my mother. She endeavoured to reason me out of (as she justly styled) such improper and rebellious ideas; but I was not so sensible as I ought to have been to the prudence and solidity of her advice. My elder sister, who is since dead, was not of a disposition to endeavour to quiet me; but, on the contrary, urged me to assert my rights and independence, in defiance of the tyranny of a father, or the interested advice of a mother. I listened with approbation to

what she said, till she spake slightingly of my mother. That I could not bear; for she had ever been to all of us the best and wisest, no less than the most indulgent of parents.—'Whoever,' said I, 'has instilled these undutiful notions into your mind, Charlotte, must be an enemy; and as such, I would advise you to treat them.'—'I did not,' she replied, haughtily, 'come *for* advice; but to give you, who are younger and more in need of it, what I thought might benefit you: but I see I am mistaken in the tame creature I call brother, and therefore wish you good morning.'—Soon after she left me, my mother and Colonel Rivers came in.—'Give me leave, dear Sir, to introduce my son.—George, this is my particular friend.'—The Colonel shook me cordially by the hand, and invited me to his house.—'My sister,' said he, 'will

'will be very glad to see you, particularly as the friend of the Duke Garcias Moresco.' —'Ah,' said I, 'then it is the same! I shall, dear Sir, wait upon you and your fair sister with pleasure.'—Colonel Rivers was a man about forty; plain in his dress, and, though grave, elegant and agreeable in his manners. The next morning I called at his house. He was out; but I was shewn into the breakfast parlour, where sat his lovely sister. The reception she gave me, was flattering; she talked of my travels, my family, and particularly of my mother. 'I do not,' said she, 'know one woman, for whom I feel so great a respect, so high and perfect an esteem, as for the *Duchess of Ormond.*"

"Who did you say, dear Sir?" exclaimed Adeliza, starting from her seat; "the

Duchess of Ormond—my kind, benevolent friend!"

It was indeed the same; and a short and agitating explanation interrupted the story. A little composed, the interesting recital was resumed.

"I remained for above three hours with the beautiful Miss Rivers, and parted from her with extreme reluctance, though with a promise to be there again the next day. In the evening the Duke called on me, and asked me to accompany him to Colonel Rivers's, where there was to be a musical party. I perceived he did not know of my visit, nor had I now courage to tell him of it; so truly alarming was the impression made on my heart. I gladly accepted the invitation, and readily accompanied him. If Miss Rivers appeared to me charming

on

on my first visit, how infinitely did she now even surpass herself. She received me with an air of embarrassment, that conveyed the most delightful emotions to my soul. She sang and played divinely; and, in short, I was completely in love, ere I had resolution to examine my heart. To the Duke she was polite and attentive. Returning home, I retired to bed, where I ruminated on the occurrences of the day. I fancied that when Miss Rivers addressed me, there was a peculiar tenderness in her voice and manner. The recollection transported me; but, upon further reflection, my heart bitterly reproached me for the sentiments it had so weakly imbibed, and so unresistingly harboured. I started from my thorny pillow, and with distracted steps traversed my chamber. 'Oh,' said I

to myself, 'how weak, how infatuated is my conduct! Shall I madly indulge this fatal passion, that with dismay has, I find, taken possession of my breast? What would the consequences be of such a step? Ruin on my own head, disgrace to my family, and bitter disappointment to my friend! No; God forbid that I should be guilty of such dishonourable conduct! I will not go near that fascinating woman, let the misery to myself be what it will.'

"Sleep was banished from my eyes, and all night long I lay ruminating on my present situation. Next morning, descending to the breakfast parlour, I found no one there but my sister, and her friend Mrs. Grimalkin."

The blood mounted to Adeliza's face at the mention of that vile woman; but she said not a word.

"The

"The conversation appeared to be about Miss Rivers, and was now resumed, while I with impatience listened to their remarks. How did my heart glow as I heard, and, from what was said, felt convinced, that Miss Rivers's marriage with the Duke would never take place, unless by the commands of her brother, as the Duke was by no means a person for whom she had formed any attachment, and that from her own mouth this lady had heard the confession. 'Do you, Madam,' eagerly enquired I, 'suppose (pardon the question, if an impertinent one,) that any prior attachment renders the Duke Garcias Moresco disagreeable to Miss Rivers?'—'I have no reason to believe so,' replied she; 'but Miss Rivers is of a haughty, independent spirit, extremely partial to her own country;

and therefore it was to me a matter of astonishment, when I heard that, merely to please her brother, she had given her consent to this alliance.'—You must, my friend," continued the narrator, "pardon me for the familiar mention I make of you; as I think it necessary to state every circumstance, in order to exculpate, in some degree, myself."

"Make no apology, my dear Sir," said the Duke, "for what can require none. Relate every thing, I beseech you, without reserve; and pray proceed in your interesting recital."

"Your Grace is now," said the Father La Merci, "much fatigued. May I presume to say that I think it would, for the sake of the whole party, be desirable to postpone till to-morrow what yet remains

to

to be told. Rest will recruit your exhausted spirits; and, if I am not greatly deceived, your Grace will be considerably better to-morrow."

This plan assented to, they took an affectionate leave of each other, and separated for the night.

## CHAP. VIII.

——————They plow'd their way;
And all behind them, and before, was sea:
When with the growing night the winds rose high,
And swelling seas presag'd a tempest nigh.
Aloud the master cries—furl all the sails,
No longer spread to catch the flying gales.
But his commands are borne, unheard, away,
Drown'd in the roar of a far louder sea.
Yet of themselves their tasks the seamen know,
And are by former storms instructed now;
Some to the masts the struggling canvas bind,
And leave free passage to the raging wind.
. . . . . .
The cries of men, the rattling of the shrouds,
Floods dash'd on floods, and clouds encounter clouds.
. . . . . .
The seas so whirl, with such prodigious might,
While pitchy clouds, obscuring heav'n from sight,
Increase the native horror of the night.
Now splits the mast, by furious whirlwinds torn,
And now the rudder to the sea is borne.
. . . . . .
Down goes the ship, with her unhappy freight!

OVID.

ADELIZA was by Beatrice shewn into her chamber; it was that which had belonged to the hapless Velasco. How many

many emotions agitated her breast, as she thought of the wonderful events that had taken place!—nor could she hardly persuade herself, that her present happiness was any thing but a delightful vision. She retired to bed; but excessive joy is as great an enemy to sleep as grief. The Duchess of Ormond mother to her father! she who had, under the utmost distress, proved a kind and benevolent friend. That she, whom from a sort of instinct she had loved, should prove to be her grandmother!—there was in this reflection a something truly delightful; yet was her joy much damped, when her thoughts reverted to the amiable Marchioness. She sighed, as she reflected how incomplete must all earthly happiness be! With fervour she offered up her humble prayers to the Author of all Good; and, falling asleep,

she enjoyed the calmest slumbers for a short time, that for many months had visited her.

In the morning she arose refreshed, and found her father already in the Duke's chamber, who was considerably easier. He presently entreated the Duke of Ormond (for such was the father of Adeliza) to proceed in his interesting narrative.

The Duke (as we must now call him) complied.

"Upon further acquaintance," said he, "I found from Mrs. Grimalkin, that she and Miss Rivers were upon the most intimate footing; and, considering the former in this light, I fancied her most pleasing and agreeable. She asked me to walk with her, which I readily agreed to, without any other motive than that I might hear her talk of the object of my secret adoration.

I walked

I walked on, without thinking whither, till she rapped at Colonel Rivers's door. She laughed immoderately at my look of confusion, and I, to escape her raillery, said nothing; but, in defiance of my resolutions, went in. I saw my lovely mistress, and found that each moment spent in her society, still strengthened the influence she had gained over my affections. Nor did she, on her part, seem by any means indifferent; so far from that, I learned, through Mrs. Grimalkin, that I possessed no second place in the good opinion of the fair object of my fervent love. This knowledge transported me, and, in my present happiness, I forgot what I owed to my friend. Suffice it to say, that, after three weeks' acquaintance, Miss Rivers consented to elope with me, declaring, that no earthly consideration should now

induce her to marry the Duke Garcias Moresco.

"Colonel Rivers, I saw, viewed me with no very favourable eye, and, in the conduct of the Duke, there was a marked alteration; but, secure of the affection of Miss Rivers, I regarded every thing else as trivial, and beneath my notice. My father, who from the Colonel had heard of my frequent visits at his house, severely reprehended me on my dishonourable behaviour; but did it in so harsh and domineering a manner, that, so far from convincing me of the error I was guilty of, it only inflamed me, and I resolved to follow implicitly the bent of my own inclinations. I went to the Colonel's house, intending to relate to the lovely woman what had passed. I found her in tears.—'Gracious Heaven!' I exclaimed; 'what ails my charming

charming friend?'—She continued weeping; but spoke not. I threw myself upon my knees, and earnestly besought that she would keep me no longer in suspense. I swore that I would sacrifice every thing, could I, in the faintest degree, contribute to her happiness. She extended her hand to me—'Rise,' said she, 'my dear George; I know I ought not to grieve, convinced, as I am, of the strength of your regard. I am now going to put your love to a severe trial; can it endure the fiery ordeal?'—I replied in the manner she had every reason to expect I would, and she thus went on—'Can you, George, consent for ever to leave your friends and family—to forego the advantages you are by birth entitled to?'—In short, if I would change my name, and live retired in the country, wholly unknown to any one, that she had

ten

ten thousand pounds entirely at her own disposal; and on that, in the manner she proposed, we might live. If I agreed to this plan, she would instantly, without acquainting her nearest and dearest friend, consent to marry me.

"The idea of the lovely woman becoming, by her own voluntary choice, my wife, was too delightful to admit of my making any prudent reflections. With transport I accepted her offer, and readily and solemnly promised the most implicit obedience to her wishes. The evening after the next, was fixed for putting our plan into execution. No time, she said, was to be lost, as she durst not longer trifle with the Duke, who had just left her, and had bitterly upbraided her for her coldness and unnecessary delay.—'This,' said she, 'was the cause of those tears you witnessed.

witnessed. How could I think of uniting my fate with that of the Duke, when my heart is wholly your's?'—To repeat my gratitude, or to describe my happiness, would be alike ineffectual; sufficient it is to say, that, regardless of every other consideration, I, with the too lovely Miss Rivers, eloped. We were married before we left town, and then proceeded into Yorkshire, where neither of us was known. Here we lived, totally secluded, and had ample leisure to ruminate on past transactions. Many and bitter were the emotions that these reflections occasioned; but these I endeavoured, as much as possible, to conceal from the watchful eye of my wife. My mother, I would have given worlds to have satisfied of my safety, but this I had put out of my power. A Captain's commission I had in the Guards,

and employed a friend to sell it, and buy one in another, in the name of Pembroke, which was that I had assumed. This I did, because I could not afford to lose it; my wife finding it impossible to get the ten thousand pounds, which was her property, without her brother's knowledge: and therefore we were obliged to be satisfied with half that sum.

"I had now resolved to make up my mind to live for my wife alone; for to think with regret on the past, could only imbitter the present. The birth of a daughter added to our happiness; but this, alas! was of short duration, and here began our domestic sorrows. A female servant, whom your valet, my dear Sir, on your first visit to England, recommended, and whom my wife was much attached to, accompanied us into our retirement, and

we

we entrusted her with our little darling. One day, having sent her to walk as usual, she and the infant disappeared; nor, from that day to this, could I ever learn the remotest tidings of her."

"She is," said the Duke Garcias, in faltering accents, "in perfect health. Yes, my injured friend, well may you look astonished! I was the robber; but your child—she will be restored, innocent as you lost her."

"Mysterious Heaven!" exclaimed the astonished father; "when will these wonders cease?"

"Be composed," said the Duke; "I will explain all hereafter; but now, pray proceed in your story!"

Adeliza regarded all that passed with wonder that rendered her speechless, while her

her father, with increased emotion, resumed his narrative.

"After this cruel deprivation, my wife lost her health and spirits; and I had the misery of seeing her each day grow worse. Oh, how then was my heart racked! how often did I, in the bitterness of my soul, curse my precipitate folly, in having rushed headlong on ruin and misery! In this dispirited and uneasy manner we continued to live, till the birth of a son (my dear, deserving George) in some degree restored us to cheerfulness; at least, it gave an agreeable turn, though an anxious one, to our thoughts. The birth of my sweet Adeliza still added to our happiness, and comfort was, upon the whole, restored to our dwelling. My wife wished to prevail on me to sell my commission; but I could

not

not consent to that: for now I looked forward with the anxiety of a parent to the welfare of my children, and often with groans reproached myself for having deprived my son of his birthright. We had carefully avoided making any acquaintance whatever, till chance threw the Raby family in our way. The fear of discovery in a great measure worn off, we gladly encouraged the civilities of these neighbours, and it proved productive of great pleasure to us, and advantage to our dear children. I procured a commission for my son, and, in a very short time after I had made the purchase, the regiment was ordered to the East Indies. We parted from our dear boy with infinite regret; but had the satisfaction of hearing that all went on well with him. At length I received myself the unexpected and unwelcome mandate

to

to join my regiment in Africa. I dreaded the effect this intelligence would have on my wife; well knowing that she would consider herself as the primary cause of all the mischief that might befal me. I felt the greatest reluctance at the idea of letting her know of my departure, nor need I tell you how distressed she was when I took my leave of her, with the most cruel forebodings; yet did I strive to keep up my own spirits, that I might not unnecessarily depress her's.

"Embarking at Portsmouth, with my faithful Rampart, I wrote thence to my dear, lamented wife; endeavouring, as much as possible, to reanimate her with the hope of better days. We set sail, and prosperous breezes attended us, till, on the coast of Africa, the most tremendous storm arose that I ever witnessed. For

twenty-fou.

twenty-four hours it raged with unabated fury; after which, we were in hopes we had weathered it completely. About midnight the wind again began to blow hard, and the angry sea to foam and swell with dreadful violence. Our ship, strained with combating the former heavy sea, we feared each instant would go to pieces. The rudder was borne away; a cry of horror ran through the company, and I heard with dismay re-echoed—'she has sprung a leak; she must instantly founder!' and, in a moment, down she went, with her wretched crew.

"All was buried in darkness the most profound! I struggled with the tempestuous billows. Suddenly I received a violent blow on my breast, that for the moment almost sunk me, when, to my joy discovering that it was a broad plank, I threw

threw myself across it, thankful for even this short respite from death. Presently I heard a voice, which I instantly recognised to be my faithful Rampart's, say—'What, ho! who's here?' and I answered, to his infinite satisfaction. Together we supported ourselves on this precarious help, till morning dawned. Oh, how thankfully did we hail the first grey streaks that tinged the dark horizon! Almost entirely spent, we gained, with the utmost difficulty, a rocky shore; but where we were, we had not the slightest conception. I was so completely exhausted by the time we landed, that I became insensible. When I recovered, I found myself lying in a clean little bed; an old woman and my faithful servant hanging over me with looks of kind solicitude. I was surprised, and my good Rampart was half wild with joy on seeing

seeing me recover, of which he had begun to despair. Upon enquiry, I found I was landed on this coast, and in a hut upon an estate, belonging to the Duke Garcias Moresco. You may imagine what my sensations were during this account. I considered what had now happened, as a punishment for my dishonourable conduct to you, my friend; and, impressed with these sentiments, I dared not repine. As you already know what has since happened, I shall not fatigue you with a repetition of it."

"Thanks, ten thousand thanks," said the Duke Garcias, "for your considerate kindness. Alas! how little do I merit such delicate treatment! but I will, if possible, shew the sense I entertain of your magnanimous behaviour to a wretch so culpable as I am. If you condemn

yourself, where shall I hide my guilty head? How black does my conduct appear, when contrasted with your's! You acted as love instigated—I as revenge: how wide —how tremendous the difference! Well might you, Adeliza—sweet girl! view me instinctively with dread, with detestation, and abhorrence! But now I will, if I can find strength sufficient, take up the story, and relate my part.

"It is scarcely necessary for me to recapitulate the tormenting scenes I went through with Colonel Rivers, the Duke of Ormond, and your mother, on the discovery of your flight. In the bitterest terms I upbraided the worthy Colonel, believing that he must have been accessary to his sister's escape; but this he steadily denied, and I at last was convinced that I ought to credit his solemn asseverations. With me

he

he vowed the bitterest revenge, should he discover the place of your retreat, which we thought would not be difficult. We sent emissaries in every direction, in order, if possible, to obtain this essential information. All our endeavours were of no avail; and, after three months, we gave up the fruitless search. I took leave of Colonel Rivers with regret, and left England with spirits weighed down by disappointment, and a heart glowing with rage and revenge. In England I left a trusty servant, with orders to travel about the country, as chance should direct; still entertaining hopes that I should one day discover the place of your concealment. Fifteen months elapsed before I heard any thing interesting from him. At that period he wrote to me, to say he had at last made the wished-for discovery, and then went

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*nstance.* All went off quietly, and I gave myself no further trouble about those that England contained. Year after year dragged its weary round, without any thing like comfort to beguile the tedium of the way. I brooded over the disappointment I had sustained, and gradually became sullen and morose. My revenge in some degree satiated, in that remembrance I felt a sort of gloomy satisfaction. As to

on to inform me, in how retired a manner you lived; and, among other particulars, he told me that you had a child, in whom the mother's life seemed to be wrapped up. The conflict that raged in my breast at that time was terrible. One moment I resolved to go to England, and challenge my enemy; then I thought I would carry off her who had caused me such misery: but neither of these plans, nor many more that struck me, could I think, upon reconsideration, practicable. After much deliberation, I at length resolved upon the cruel expedient of stealing this so much loved child; hoping, by these means, to inflict the most lasting torture on the hearts of its perfidious parents. I communicated my plan to *Veronese*, whom I knew I could securely confide in, and him I trusted to entice the nurse-maid away

(who

(who indeed had, I found, been attached to the youth, who was her countryman), and with her to bring the infant child. My plan, I need not say, succeeded to my wish; and the servant, with the little one, arrived safe in Spain. I would not see the child; but gave a sufficient sum to enable them to keep themselves (now married) with comfort, adding, at the same time, the strictest charges respecting the little *Constance*. All went off quietly, and I gave myself no further trouble about those that England contained. Year after year dragged its weary round, without any thing like comfort to beguile the tedium of the way. I brooded over the disappointment I had sustained, and gradually became sullen and morose. My revenge in some degree satiated, in that remembrance I felt a sort of gloomy satisfaction. As to

Constance, I *may* have seen her; but certainly not to know her. Of this, however, I am certain—she is well, and I am satisfied innocent; therefore, I trust in God, that the temporary pain which I inflicted, will be all that you will ever endure on her account."

"How marvellous does all this appear to me!" said Adeliza. "Good Heavens! can it be possible that I have a sister?"

"It is even so, my child!" replied her father; "I shall with gratitude receive back to my arms *that* lost treasure; but my wife!—Oh, that I could, by fervent wishes, recall her from the solitary tomb, to share with me this happiness!"

He dashed away the tears that trickled down his face.

"I will not repine," continued he, "after so many mercies shewn me, that this one blessing

blessing is denied; but lift up my heart in grateful thanks for those that still enrich me. I fear, Duke, we fatigue you: what you have already related, has, I am sorry to perceive, been attended with infinite difficulty."

"I feel myself, though exhausted in body," answered the Duke, "much more at ease in my mind, since I made this last confession, as I felt it must be essential to your future peace; and I trust and hope, when I have related what yet remains to be told, you will not then withdraw your consoling forgiveness; and if so, I shall, comparatively speaking, die in peace."

"I think," said the Father La Merci, "I may now venture, Sir, to pronounce you out of danger. Had the consequences, justly to be apprehended, indeed taken place, the fatal event, according to the

common course of such direful attempts, must have closed the scene ere this."

"Your words, good Father," answered the Duke, with emotion, "are those of comfort. Should life be graciously continued to me, I will employ the remainder of it in endeavouring, at least in some measure, to atone for the past."

Adeliza and her father, with unfeigned joy, hailed the pleasing news; for both had forgiven the wrongs he had inflicted.

These wishes they expressed with so much heartfelt warmth, that the Duke could not fail of experiencing the utmost satisfaction; while the pleasure he felt, was proportioned to the pain he had endured, on the retrospection of past events.

CHAP.

## CHAP. IX.

Hope, as an anchor firm and sure, holds fast
The Christian vessel, and defies the blast—
Hope! nothing else can nourish and secure
His new-born virtues, and preserve him pure—
Hope! Let the wretch, once conscious of the joy,
Whom now despairing agonies destroy,
Speak (for he can, and none so well as he,)
What treasures center, what delight in thee!

AS Adeliza retired to her chamber, she
et Margaretta, who was rejoiced to see
e dear young lady again.

" I feared," said she, " we should never
eet in this world again; but bad doings

never thrive: so here am I posted back from the Convent again. I did not know why I was sent there; but it was all one to me, only I grieved on your account. I guessed all was not right; and so Beatrice has been telling me. Well, the Blessed Virgin will always protect the good; therefore you must be happy!"

Adeliza thanked the friendly woman for her kind wishes, and retired to her room. She threw herself into a chair, where a fresh theme of gratitude was presented to her mind's eye. A sister, of whom she had never heard, was most extraordinarily, as well as a father, risen from the dead! it was *all strange, but true.* As she cast her eyes round the room, the coat of Velasco, as last he had worn it, met her sight. She sighed as she thought of the unfortunate young man, and earnestly wished it were possible

possible to restore him to his friends. Percy, the unrivalled object of her unvarying affection, next presented himself to her remembrance. Her heart palpitated as the delightful hope arose.

"I shall again behold him I love so tenderly; but how?—Will he be the same assiduous, constant Percy I parted from? Will not absence have diminished his regard? May he not have forgotten that such a being as Adeliza exists? Or, Oh unwelcome thought! may he not, as Anna hinted, have made another choice?"

The blood suffused her face at this overpowering suggestion; it was a most unpleasant and humiliating idea.

"Well," continued she, after a moment's pause, "if it should be so, I will not grieve. No! Adeliza, if deserted, shall never be an object of cold pity; my heart

sickens at the bare supposition. Though I love him beyond expression—though his happiness is dearer to me than existence, I will confide the secret to no one; nor shall my family have the mortification of knowing that I am miserable. As my dear father justly remarked, shall I, because I cannot grasp at every thing, not only carelessly throw from me every other blessing, but by my discontent give pain to those whose happiness I ought by every means to endeavour to augment?——A sister! how my heart warms at the endearing title! how I long to embrace her! As the daughter of my parents—the sister of my dear George, I must love her!"

Her meditations were interrupted by a message, desiring her attendance.

"We cannot suffer you to be long absent from us, you perceive, my dear

*Adeliza,*" said the Duke. "I wish much to finish my story; for till that is done, I cannot feel at all easy in my mind. Generous as you are, I greatly fear you cannot from your heart freely forgive me!"

The Duke of Ormond replied in such a style as to quiet the remaining misgivings of his friend, and he thus went on.

"About ten years after these events, my sister died, and left her son to my charge. I loved the youth, and took him to live with me. The care of this amiable young man in some measure served to divert my thoughts from dwelling too intently on past sorrows. You will think it strange that I never asked what name you had assumed; but as that could be of no service at the time, and I had the power of learning the secret whenever I chose, I made no enquiry to that purpose.

"The chateau we now are in, was the property of a distant relation of mine: dying, his sister came to reside here, to take charge of his daughter. A lovely creature she was, who, by the untimely death of an only brother, became heiress to these vast possessions. Her aunt, who was consequently my relation, wrote to me, proposing a marriage between her fair charge and my nephew, stating that such were the wishes of the deceased Duke, her father. I was pleased; for this was a most advantageous connection for him. I therefore wrote to her, inviting her and Donna Vittoria to Santa Fe. My invitation was accepted. When they arrived, I was much struck with the extreme beauty of Vittoria; but I cannot say I was equally charmed with her manners. I imparted to my nephew the honour and happiness which were

were intended him; but which, to my infinite surprise, he declined. Upon my remonstrating with him, he said—'You, Sir, have ever treated me with the indulgence of a parent; therefore I am emboldened to lay my heart open to your inspection. Had you treated me with harshness or severity, I should have been afraid to have done so; but your kindness calls upon me to tell you, without reserve, my sentiments. Pardon, dear uncle, my temerity, if I declare that, unless you insist upon it, I will never marry Donna Vittoria. She is, I confess, beautiful; but she is not the woman I can love! If I mistake not, dear Sir, though you yourself admire her personal charms, you do not esteem her.'—Overcome by his frankness, and unwilling to persuade him to take so important a step as to marry against his inclination, I

not

not only consented to let him wave it, but, at his more pressing request, allowed him to go for a few months to England. I made the best excuse I could to the Duchess Infantado, the young lady's aunt, for my nephew's non-compliance with our plan for his welfare. At first she was rather piqued; but soon being satisfied that in this business no blame could be attached to me, she, to convince me she harboured no resentment, offered me, in Donna Vittoria's name, the use of this chateau; as they knew I delighted in rambling, and that, since the death of her father and brother, the place had become so dull and gloomy, that they should not in haste revisit it. I accepted the offer; at the same time taking all care about it off their hands, till they should again claim it.

"Vittoria

"Vittoria was, however, extremely enraged at my nephew's slighting her; and, when I witnessed the stormy passions that disfigured her lovely face, I confessed to myself, that in rejecting her, he had acted very prudently. The Duchess Infantado and her niece left the Castle. At the same time Ferdinand set out for England. For obvious reasons, I had never mentioned to my nephew the events that had befallen me in that country. I gave him letters of introduction to a few families of distinction; avoiding giving him one to the Duke of Ormond, not wishing to recall past grievances. Conceive then, if you can, what must have been the feelings that harrowed up my very soul, when I heard from him, that he had met with the most incomparable woman—the only one he could ever love, and the only one he could ever think of marrying,

marrying, in the person of Lady Matilda Feversham, daughter of the Duke of Ormond! Oh! how I raved on the receipt of this letter, and almost vowed nothing should induce me to consent to such an union. I did not answer his letter; but, in a frame of mind far from enviable, ordered my mule, and, with only a single servant, set out with the intent of visiting this chateau; and, if possible, by variety drive away tormenting reflection. As I journied on, the weather became tempestuous. I thought not of seeking shelter; for the storm was congenial to my feelings. My servant, wet through, and shivering with cold, entreated I would step into a cabin, pointing to a comfortable little hut by the road side. I was still on my own domains. I did as requested, and, walking in, the old woman made many apologies

apologies for the bustle they were in, occasioned by two shipwrecked people, who had been, almost without life, cast on shore. Curiosity prompted me to advance; but, gracious Heaven! how did my heart throb, on beholding my bitterest enemy!—he who had robbed me of my promised treasure, and who at that very time, in the bitterness of renewed resentment, I was cursing in my galled heart! I staggered back on beholding his deathlike countenance, and pity usurped the place of vengeance. I thought him dead, and for a moment retired to indulge, unobserved, this emotion of regret; but when I saw him restored to life, every humane, forgiving sentiment receded—making way for rancour, and renewed wishes for revenge. My resolution was soon taken.—'Yes,' said I, with malignant triumph, 'now *my* day is

is come; and in solitude and confinement shall he atone for his treachery towards me!'—I cannot repeat the scene that ensued; it was, Adeliza, a sad one. Would to God, I could for ever obliterate it from my too retentive memory!

"After a tedious and harassing journey, we arrived here; and I, without remorse, committed your father to the cold and damp confinement of a dungeon! Oh, how does even now my heart reproach me! Leaving Rampart secure, though not imprisoned, I returned to Santa Fe; but still I felt miserable. My nephew wrote me several letters, and at last so effectually pleaded his cause, that I gave my consent. I reflected with myself, that 'twas hard to punish the innocent for the guilty, and that now, as my revenge was satiated upon the object who had caused my sorrow, I had

had *no* longer any excuse to myself for making farther objection. I wrote to him, therefore, and consented to his acting as he thought proper; and, in a few months, he married the object of his judicious choice. I had made it a condition, that he should return to Spain with his bride, and with this wish he readily complied. To say how I felt on first beholding Adeliza, would be impossible! I could have no idea she was connected with you; yet the emotions I experienced, were indescribable. I was told she was a *stranger* in the family, and all the first tumult I had suffered, subsided into the most perfect admiration. Each day I saw her, I discovered fresh beauties of mind and person, and at last I resolved to make her an offer of my hand. She refused me; and, by so doing, highly offended me, and paved the way for her unmerited

unmerited sufferings. The discovery I made of her being your child, together with the mysterious disappearance of the Marchioness, whose flight I was convinced Adeliza must be privy to, added fuel to my resentment. The haughty manner in which she denied all knowledge of this business, fixed my wavering resolves, and I sent her with two soldiers, in whom I thought I could securely confide, to a Castle on one of my estates; hoping that solitary confinement might bend her inflexible spirit, and draw forth, when I again should demand it, the confession I wished to hear. My design was, you know, frustrated by the Castle being consumed by fire. When the news of the fire was brought me, and no mention made of you, I was bewildered; but when day after day elapsed, and I received no intelligence of either

either you or the Moors who guarded you, I concluded that you had prevailed on them to favour your escape.

"How racking was the suspense I then endured! Baptiste at length made his appearance, and related all that had befallen you on the journey—that you and Horatio were gone forward to this chateau, while he remained in the cave, till cured of his wounds; but to this hour I have never heard one word of Horatio. To this chateau I instantly proceeded, terrified lest by any chance you should meet with your father, though that I flattered myself was hardly possible.

"I should here say, that, some time back, Rampart made his escape, and I have not been able to gain any intelligence of him. When I arrived, I found all quiet and undisturbed;

undisturbed; only that the soldiers had been alarmed by the appearance of a spectre."

The Duke of Ormond smiled.

"Can you account for that appearance?" asked Adeliza.

"I believe I can; but of that hereafter: we interrupt the Duke."

"I remained here," continued the Duke, "for a day quietly; considering what steps it would be most prudent to pursue. I retired to bed at an early hour; but you may suppose my thoughts were too busily employed, for me to enjoy any repose. Suddenly I was alarmed by an unusual bustle on the terrace, upon which my window looked. I started from my bed, and, throwing on my gown, hastily descended. The soldiers were passing quickly to and fro, with consternation in their looks.—

'What

'What is the matter?' asked I; but no answer could I obtain. I followed where they seemed to run, and, to my unspeakable horror, I descried the bleeding form of the injured Adeliza, and, in speechless agony, the almost distracted father! I was dismayed; but had you instantly conveyed into the house, and assistance sent for. In terms the most bitter I was reproached, as I indeed merited; yet the enormity of my offence only steeled my heart the more, and I had the miserable and indignant father forcibly dragged from the room, where you lay insensible to every thing. Your recovery I feared was impossible, and I dared not subject myself to the reproaches that I felt I deserved. The bitterness with which you, my friend, reproached me, still added to my malignity; and the inhuman steps I took, were the

consequence. I was, Adeliza, so great a barbarian as to tell your father you were dead, and that he must accuse himself as the fatal cause. Oh! how dreadful were the imprecations he called down on my head! I left him in a state of the most dreadful agitation, resolving that one world should not contain us both; and, in the heat of my resentment, went to the person who had all along taken the sole charge of my prisoner.—'Bernardo,' said I, 'I wish to talk with you. There is a something of importance, I think of employing you to execute for me!'———

"It is," said the Duke, after a long pause, during which he sighed deeply several times, "unnecessary, as it would be highly distressing to me, to repeat the particulars of the conversation that took place: it is sufficient to say, he readily undertook

undertook to obey my commands, and execute my bloody purpose; which was, to take you from the Castle, and (Oh my friend! how dare I tell you the horrid truth!) to murder you! In this desperate attempt it was the will of Heaven I should be frustrated; at the same time that I should suffer all the pangs of guilt. After I supposed my barbarous orders were executed, I could not rest, either night or day, and would have thought the whole of my possessions a trifling ransom, could I have restored that life so cruelly extinguished, or washed away the foul stain of murder from my lacerated heart! But wishes were ineffectual; and, as I had not the power of bettering my wretched condition, I madly plunged still deeper into guilt and barbarity.

"After I had given Bernardo the charge of this amiable girl, I could not make up my mind to leave the chateau, particularly as there was among the soldiers a rumour of a ghost that had several times appeared, and so terrified them, that they murmured about keeping watch. This was of itself but of little consequence; but as the men had belonged to the late Duke, and the present possessor continued them in their stations, I thought it insolent in the greatest degree, as well as cowardly, that they should presume to talk in the style they had done of late. Extremely angry, I sent for Bernardo; but was no less surprised than shocked at the alteration in his behaviour. Instead of the deference and humility with which I had ever been treated, he answered me in a tone at once insolent and haughty; but I dared not remark it—he had me now

too

too much in his power. He talked loudly of how much I was his debtor, and at last his demands rose to such an exorbitant degree, that I could hardly listen to him with patience. I strove to conceal my indignation, and calmly desired him to come to me in the evening, when we would adjust this business.—'I shall attend you,' said he, as he left the room; 'but you will please to recollect what the deed I committed, was. Think well of this, before we meet again!'—My blood rushed impetuously through my veins, as I reflected on the insolence that I had been obliged tamely to submit to. 'Such,' I exclaimed, in the bitterness of my soul, 'is the curse I have drawn down on my own head! yet shall a reptile like this insult me with impunity? How can I help myself?—I am afraid to speak to him! I

dread his power; and this he knows, else would he dare to treat me as he has done? Am I the lord of vast domains—do hundreds bow down to me, and humbly call me Lord, and shall a creature like this, who was a hired assassin——' *Assassin* struck on my very soul. With horror I would have fled from the torturing recollection; but I could not. In agony I traversed my apartment; my mind a chaos, my brain in a whirl.—'What shall I do? how act?'—A thought darted across my troubled mind. 'Be still, my heart; no more torment thyself——Yes! *this will do.*' The idea that had now struck me was a direful one; but some decisive steps, I felt it was necessary for my own safety to take: I therefore anticipated little remorse. How fatally, my friends, when once entered on the crooked path of wickedness, do we,

erring

erring mortals, mislead and flatter ourselves! How rapid is the progress from one sin to another! and so we proceed from crime to crime, till the black measure of our iniquities is full! then, when too late, we see and repent of the enormities we have been guilty of in such rapid succession! So it was in the present instance. I thought not of the accumulated crimes I was heaping on my defenceless head, but only how I should most effectually prevent a discovery of those I had already perpetrated. I resolved, therefore, to appear to comply with every thing that Bernardo might demand; but at the same time to prepare for him such a draught, as would effectually silence him, and my apprehensions together.

"On his approaching me in the evening, I received him with a cordiality foreign to

my heart, in order the better to conceal my real intentions. We had some conversation together, in which I fancied I acted my part to a miracle, Oh Heavens! to what abject humiliations are the wicked exposed! After having agreed upon every thing—'Come,' said I, 'we will settle all this amicably, and drink success to each other's undertakings.'—'With all my heart, Sir,' said Bernardo.—Two goblets of wine were produced, precisely the same in appearance; but I had in one infused a poison of so subtle a nature, that it was next to an impossibility it should fail in its effects. I knew how they were placed, and, laying my hand on the one I intended for myself—'Here,' said I, 'is to———'

"At this instant a faggot falling from the fire made me start. How dreadful is guilt!

guilt! how weak, how timid does it render us! The alarm this trifling circumstance conveyed, I could not instantly overcome; I left my wine, and, hastening to the fire, replaced the faggot: then, fearful of betraying myself, I rejoined Bernardo.—'Prosperity, Sir!' said he, in a tone that struck me as insolent and sarcastic, 'to all your undertakings!'—He tossed down the wine. I hastily took mine, drank the same to him; but a something seemed to rise in my throat, and I could not finish my potion. I turned sick; but endeavoured to appear unembarrassed. Bernardo left the room; and, as he went, wished me pleasant *dreams*. I thought this singular; but little heeded it. In less than half an hour I was seized with the most unaccountable and excruciating pains. A horrible idea struck me, and, almost

breathless with apprehension, I tottered to the sideboard, where were the two goblets, and, to my consternation, I perceived that I myself had drunk the poison intended for Bernardo; for even now some of the poisoned ingredients remained in the cup!

"The agony of body and mind that I endured, who can conceive? I instantly sent for the benevolent Father La Merci. He came, and to him I made my grievous confession. You know what followed; therefore I need not tire you with a repetition of it. The medicines he has administered, have proved efficacious to body and mind. The sins I have been guilty of, he has placed in so just a point of view, that I shuddered at my own enormities, and trembled for the consequences of Providence. Witnessing the agony and remorse

remorse I gave vent to, on having murdered my friend, he humanely eased me of that insupportable load of guilt, by informing me that he had been instrumental in saving the life of the person, whose death I so sincerely lamented. The message I charged him with to you, was received as he foretold, but as I could not flatter myself would be the case. And now, thanks to that all-gracious Being, who in the midst of wrath has thought upon mercy, humbly I confess myself an unworthy and grievous sinner, and pour forth my grateful thanks for such undeserved lenity and goodness!"

## CHAP. X.

The moon shines out, and all the heavens are clear;
The warring winds are hush'd, the seas serene,
And nature, softened, shifts her angry scene.
What means this sudden change? Methinks I hear
Melodious music from the heavenly sphere;
Listen! listen!

ADELIZA took her candle, and slowly walked towards her chamber. As she went along, she recollected that here it was she had mistaken her way, and, by so doing, had

had given herself so much alarm. The statue (which was one of the Dukes of Altimira, grandfather of Velasco, and a striking resemblance of that youth) recurred to her thoughts; and she experienced the utmost curiosity to learn how its strange appearance on the terrace could be accounted for. Also, what the bloody figure could be, that she beheld when so unwillingly detained in the room, where the statues were, which had so terrified her. She had not yet had an opportunity of talking to her father alone; for the Duke was never easy, unless he was with him.

As Adeliza meditated on these events, she reached her room. The evening had been stormy; the rain had fallen with violence, while the wind howled through the long passages. The storm had now subsided, and the moon shone with radiance.

Adeliza set down her light, and, opening the door which led out upon the corridor, went to breathe the fresh air. All was calm and tranquil; nothing interrupted the solemn stillness of the night, save when the breeze swept over the summits of the lofty trees. Adeliza pensively leaned against the railings. She felt a sort of awe creep through her heart as she contemplated the vast expanse of the heavens, studded with innumerable stars. The wind sighed among the branches; inspiring, altogether, the mind with devotion and gratitude towards the Author and Giver of all earthly good. Tears silently strayed down her pale face, and for some little time she indulged in this pleasing sort of melancholy. Her thoughts were exalted above all sublunary objects, and her mild eyes were raised to heaven.

"Vouchsafe,"

"Vouchsafe," said she, with fervour, "thou good and all-merciful Being, still to guide my steps! Oh, suffer me not, in happier days, to become negligent of my duty towards THEE, who hast led me through so many and great dangers in safety! May no presumptuous self-opinion ever enter my breast; but, Oh! may my every action be regulated by thy pure and righteous commands! Bless me with a calm, a well-regulated mind, that I may be enabled to bear prosperity with firmness, and future disappointment with becoming fortitude! From the miseries and guilt of others, may I take warning, and with dread shrink from the bare idea of committing an improper action!"

As thus the sweet enthusiast prayed, a sound like that of music stole upon the

stillness of the night. She listened; but all was silent again. With folded arms she slowly walked along the corridor, and presently the like sounds were heard. She listened; but could not distinguish whence they proceeded. She bent over the corridor, and anxiously gazed all around; but nothing was to be seen, though the music she certainly heard.

For some time she listened with acute attention; it was inexpressibly melodious and affecting. It then ceased; and, after some little time, Adeliza returned to her chamber, astonished at what she had heard. She was almost led to believe, as the soldiers said, that the chateau was really haunted; though the next moment she smiled at herself, for admitting so childish an impression. The music she had heard at the cottage,

was

is thus brought fresh to her memory; and
ıe fell asleep, endeavouring to account,
y any probable means, for either.

It was early when she awoke; but the scene of the preceding evening dwelt upon her mind, and she arose. The weather looked inviting, and she went out to her favourite corridor, intending to go round the chateau, and so through the hall, to take another view of the mysterious statue. She walked slowly on, watching the sun, rising in splendid majesty from behind the stupendous hills. Suddenly, her attention was arrested by an exclamation of surprise. She started, and, to her unspeakable astonishment, beheld Velasco!

"Merciful Powers!" exclaimed he; "can it be possible? Do my senses deceive me?—Illusion! No; it cannot be. It

is

is indeed the same kind spirit, that very guardian angel, who awakened in my mind the wish of again becoming a member of that world I had before abjured. Tell me, lovely, interesting creature, by what strange chance do I find you here?"

"May I not, with equal propriety," said Adeliza, a little recovered from her embarrassment, "ask you that question?"

"Most undoubtedly!" replied Velasco; "and with pleasure I will answer you.—This chateau, sweet maid, is my property, my paternal estate. My story, though not long, is a disastrous one; I will not now trespass on your patience by relating it; but whenever you will allow it, I will gladly do so. I much fear the impression you have received of me, is very unfavourable! Can I wonder if it be so? But trusting

that

at appearances may be more against me an I really deserve, and that, although in y life there is enough to condemn, there e also some circumstances that may call rth the tear of sympathy, and beguile the umane heart of a sigh, pardon, dear Lady, y temerity in thus obtruding my sorrows pon your notice; and extend still your odness, and plead my cause with the uke Garcias Moresco!"

"Each day," said Adeliza, "has of late een productive of some extraordinary ene; nor does this the less bewilder me. ar be it from me to become censor, and ndemn you; but you must allow that e situation I saw you in, as Captain of a oop of banditti, was at least a very sus- icious one. Do not, I beseech you, istake me! Think not I wish to wound your

your feelings, Sir! Far from me be such cruelty; but what can I say to the Duke in your behalf?"

"I cannot wonder," said Velasco, in a mournful voice, "at the reluctance you feel at having any thing to urge in my favour: I fear you think me quite unworthy the notice of the good. Farewell, lovely, incomparable woman! Some time hence we may meet, I will hope, as *friends*."

He bowed gracefully, and disappeared, leaving Adeliza rivetted to the spot. She followed him with her eyes till he was out of sight, and then returned to her chamber, reflecting on what had so strangely passed. In about an hour she received a summons, to attend in the Duke's chamber. Her father was already there, and affectionately bade

bade her good morning. The Father La Merci did the same, with a cheerfulness and alacrity in his manner that she had never before witnessed.

"I am," said Adeliza, in answer to the good man's enquiries, "rejoiced, dear Sir, to see you so well. Your watching has not done you any injury; but fatigue and trouble are beneath your notice, when you can administer relief to those who want it."

"Thanks, my sweet child, for your good opinion; I am at this moment happier than I thought I could ever be in this world again. I fear I shall grow too much attached to it, should I live much longer; for each day of late has added to its attractions, and that is not as it ought to be. But," continued the worthy man, "I will

will produce the cause of my present happiness, and leave you to judge what my feelings must be."

As he left the room, Adeliza looked towards her father for an explanation. He, smiling, shook his head; desiring her to ask the Duke how he did, which, in the hurry of her thoughts, she had omitted. She was glad to find him much better; and he informed her, in grateful terms, that her father had consented to stay with him till he was sufficiently recovered to return to Santa Fe, when they would all travel together, provided this plan met with her kind concurrence.

"Whatever my father pleases," answered Adeliza, "must be proper. I am, of course, dear Sir, perfectly satisfied to remain here till you are able to travel."

As

As she was talking to the Duke, the Father La Merci, with Velasco, approached. The Duke extended his hand, which Velasco respectfully took.

"Welcome, thrice welcome, my dear young friend, to your own possessions; I may indeed say, to the world! Sincerely I lamented your supposed death; no one more. You have been unfortunate; so have I! therefore we ought to be fast friends now, more than ever."

"I must," said the Duke of Ormond, "add my congratulations on this happy occasion. The benevolent guardian of the distressed (I need not add the Father La Merci) has already related to us your story; therefore we can sincerely participate in your present feelings. Ardently do I wish you every comfort! Your dark days are all, my young friend, I trust, passed over; and

and I hope a continued sunshine may brighten the future."

"I fear," said Adeliza, timidly advancing, "that from my reserve this morning, you think me uncandid and fastidious. Pardon me, if I said any thing that might seem unfeeling! Believe me, I meant not to wound you."

Velasco gazed on her as she spake. He turned pale, seemed buried in thought, and answered her no otherwise than by a deep-drawn sigh.

Adeliza was hurt and distressed. She walked towards the window, to conceal her feelings. She soon returned, as she perceived that Velasco had entered into conversation with the Duke and her father.

"I am afraid," said Velasco, addressing her, "I alarmed you last night!"

"How so?" asked she, surprised.

"Why

"Why in going to my room, the organ, precisely as I left it three years ago, attracted my attention. I sat down, and ran my fingers along the keys. With that I was not satisfied, but tried a little piece of music, that in former days I was extremely fond of. I thought not," continued he, sighing, "of disturbing any one; for I knew not of any company being here but the Duke. Margaretta, however, soon put an end to my amusement, by coming and telling me there was a young lady in the adjoining apartment. Little did I imagine that in her I should find my guardian angel; for surely such I may justly style you. Had you not visited the cave, I know not but at this moment I might have been one of its wretched inhabitants!"

"I cannot

"I cannot then," said Adeliza, "be sorry that I was compelled to do what was so distressing, if the consequences are productive of good to you; nor shall I ever again, I hope, repine, let circumstances appear ever so unpromising; but believe that whatever happens, is for the best and wisest purposes.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XI.

Pleasure itself is painful in excess;
For joys, like sorrows, in extreme oppress.
The Gods themselves our pious cares approve,
And, to reward our virtue, crown our love.

MRS. H. MORE.

THE day being fine, the Duke of Ormond, with his lovely daughter, went out to take a turn upon the terrace; and, perceiving a confusion and tumult among the soldiers, went to see what was the cause.

"One of our comrades," said a Moor, "has just fallen over that parapet, and we think he must be dead!"

"The place," said Adeliza, "is not high; surely the poor man, if hurt, cannot be killed!"

"Why, Lady," said the soldier, "it was not the height; but, as he jumped down, part of this old wall gave way, and, falling after him, has almost buried him. They are now clearing away the rubbish; but, in my mind, *Bernardo* will never speak again!"

Adeliza and her father looked at one another in silent astonishment.

"Return, my child, to the chateau," said the Duke of Ormond; "but say not one word of what has passed. I will go into the court-yard below, and see after the soldier, and be with you presently."

Adeliza returned to the house, where she walked up and down, till her father made his appearance.

"The wretched man is dead!" said he. "Before I reached the place where he lay, he had expired. None of his comrades lament his death; as they supposed he intended to leave the chateau, unobserved."

"How wonderful are the ways of Providence!" exclaimed Adeliza, with emotion. "That man, Oh Heaven! it was who attempted to murder the best of fathers! He has now met with his punishment."

On entering the sick room, they were agreeably surprised to see the Duke seated in an arm-chair, by the fire-side. The Father La Merci and Velasco were with him. The traces of tears were still visible on Adeliza's face, and her father looked pale and agitated.

"What has happened, my friends?" enquired the Duke; "I fear all is not right!"

Being informed of what had just occurred, the perturbation of his spirits, between hope, fear, remorse, and joy, were so great as to bring on a fainting fit.

Adeliza, alarmed, feared he was dying; but he soon recovered, though a weight seemed to press on his mind: but this could not be wondered at.

When in some degree restored to composure, they sat round the fire, talking of recent events, in which they all had participated. As thus they were engaged, Margaretta came into the room. Addressing herself to Velasco—

"Here, Sir, are two gentlemen arrived, who wish to see you; one of them, if I mistake not, is the Count Julian."

"Good Heavens!" said Velasco, "how very strange! But I will go and see."

"Remember,"

"Remember," said the Duke Garcias, calling after him, "your friends are mine; and I hope, if not disagreeable to you, my dear young friend, and your father, we shall see them here."

"It will give us all pleasure," replied the Duke of Ormond; "and I hope you will speedily introduce them!"

Velasco departed; but in a few minutes returned, bringing with him Count Julian and PERCY!

To describe the strong emotions that marked each expressive countenance, would require the pencil of the first artist. Adeliza started from her seat, while the wonder-struck and delighted Percy caught her in his arms, as she was sinking to the floor. In the most impassioned manner he called upon her name. He was on one knee, her head resting on his bosom, when

he accidentally raised his eyes to see who so assiduously chafed her temple, and beheld, as he imagined, the striking vision of her father. He hastily passed his hand across his face—

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed he, "where am I?—In the world of spirits?—Surely my senses mock me! This," continued he, pressing the languid hand he held, "is no delusion. Are you," he exclaimed, looking earnestly in the father's face, "are you, my most worthy, most honoured friend, Captain Pembroke?—Oh, speak to me!"

"You are not deceived!" he answered, with a smile. "I am, indeed, pure flesh and blood."

Percy would have spoken; but wonder, joy, and gratitude tied his tongue, and denied him utterance.

Adeliza

Adeliza beginning to recover, she opened her eyes, while a smile irradiated her whole countenance on seeing the tender anxiety of her lover. He sank upon his knees; and Adeliza, by a sympathetic impulse, did the same, while her father, with extreme agitation, threw his arms round both affectionately—

"Bless, bless, Oh God! these my beloved children!" he apostrophised; "make them as happy as they deserve, and a fond, approving father can wish! Drive far from them every ill, and guide them in the pure paths of virtue and religion!"

He pressed each again separately to his heart, and with tears once more blessed them.

All was now unalloyed joy. The Count Julian and Velasco were by no means uninterested spectators of this affecting scene;

nor was the astonishment of Percy, the enraptured Percy, lessened on hearing his old friend, Captain Pembroke, saluted as Duke of Ormond.

"I will, my dear Percy, explain to you shortly all that looks like mystery in this business; but we have yet to learn what it was that induced you to travel thus far into Spain?"

"My reaching this happy dwelling," answered Percy, "was owing to my friend the Count hearing, through the Marquis Almanza——"

"Suffer me," said Adeliza, eagerly interrupting him, "to ask, are there any tidings yet of the amiable Marchioness?"

"She is now, dearest Adeliza, in England; re-united to her husband, the mother of a lovely infant, and happy as it is possible."

"Thank

"Thank Heaven!" said Adeliza, with fervour. "You cannot think, dear Percy, what joy this intelligence spreads through my heart. I fear," continued she, bursting into tears, "I am too happy! Joy," added she, smiling, "is more difficult to bear with composure than grief. I am not sorry that I interrupted you, dear Percy; for I am sure this information will convey pleasure to more hearts than one."

"Most true, indeed!" said the Duke Garcias; "I rejoice on two accounts—on my nephew's, and his amiable Marchioness's."

"And I," said the Duke of Ormond, "in the happiness of a sister, who, though I scarcely remember, yet I feel I shall love with tenderness. But pray, my young friend, proceed in your interesting relation."

"It was," said Percy, "the Marquis Almanza, who first mentioned Adeliza as having disappeared. I knew not what steps to take in this distressing business, till a circumstance that occurred, instantly fixed my resolution, which was this."

He then related the incident of the infant of the Marchioness letting the pencil drop, and the consequences. When he mentioned the Marchioness having brought from Spain a beautiful young woman, and also the resemblance that he thought he could trace between her and Adeliza, the Duke Garcias, with trembling eagerness, enquired if he knew from what province she came, and her name.

"If I mistake not," answered Percy, "she has spent the greater part of her life very near the Castle of Santa Fe, and her name is *Constance Veronese.*"

An exclamation of surprise burst from both Adeliza and Velasco. The latter stood transfixed, while Adeliza went on.

"And you have then, Percy, seen the charming girl—she was the occasion of this blessed meeting? You may indeed look astonished, and suppose that joy has bewildered my senses; but what will you say when I tell you—yes, the Duke will confirm it—that dear girl, that sweet Constance, is *my sister!*"

"Gracious God! my adored, lamented Constance your sister!" exclaimed Velasco.

All now with amazement regarded him.

"Oh!" continued he, clasping his hands, with an expression of despair in his fine face truly distressing, "how I have loved, even to madness, that angelic creature! But now, to hope would be presumption."

He hastily left the room in extreme agitation, and the benevolent Father La Merci instantly followed him.

This extraordinary discovery for some time engaged the whole thoughts and conversation of the party; till presently Velasco returned, making an apology for what had passed.

"Every transaction of my life," said he; "every secret of my soul, shall be laid before you, my honoured friends; but I entreat I may not interrupt Captain Surrey!"

There was a sadness in the tone with which this was uttered, an expression so strong of grief in his pale countenance, as interested the hearts of all.

The Duke of Ormond, ever considerate and kind, took his hand, and affectionately pressed it. A gleam of transport shot across his face, and he hastily turned his head,

head, to conceal the tears that trembled in his eyes.

"When," said Percy, "I had resolved to come over to Spain, the Count Julian, in the most friendly manner, offered to accompany me. Within a few leagues of Granada, we accidentally met with two English gentlemen; one of them an intimate acquaintance of my friend, Lord Howard."

"Ah!" said Velasco; "now I can guess who told you of my being alive."

"You may be right," said the Count; "but you cannot—no, 'tis impossible for you to guess the joy I experienced on hearing of it. He it was who told me of your journey hither; and then we agreed to follow you, intending to pay the Duke Garcias Moresco a visit at Santa Fe.

"On

"On our arrival there," said Percy, resuming the narrative, "we learned that the Duke had been absent some time; but where, they could not tell. I made a number of enquiries about you, dearest Adeliza, but to no purpose. Being late in the day, we resolved to remain at the Castle that night; trusting to your hospitality to pardon the liberty.

'I will,' said I, 'dear Count, if you think there is no impropriety in it, walk through the Castle; it will afford me a solitary sort of satisfaction to tread the same ground that my lost angel did!'

"In this whim he indulged me, and further said that he would accompany me. After viewing the many magnificent rooms in that noble building, we went through the gallery, and saw a female just entering one

one of the rooms. The Count called, and she turned to answer him. After some little conversation, we discovered that she had been waiting-maid to the Marchioness; and her joy was extreme on hearing of her welfare. I observed in her handkerchief a little gold pin which I had seen you, my Adeliza, wear. With great difficulty I prevailed on her to let me have it. This naturally turned the conversation upon the giver of it; and I was charmed at the warmth with which the good girl spake of you. The regret she said she felt at your sudden departure, was great; especially, as she feared you had been removed contrary to your wishes.

'This,' continued she, opening a chamber door, "was Miss Pembroke's room; and here are her clothes, for they were left behind her. I fear, Sir," added she, particularly

ticularly addressing me, and at the same time blushing, "I have been tempted to commit a very wrong action—the motive was good, and that, I hope, will in some degree plead my excuse. After the dear young lady left us, I could do nothing but cry all day long. Some one told my Lord Duke this, and he ordered me to be shut up for a week in this apartment, where I might bewail my loss, till I was sick of it. I employed myself in folding up my dear young lady's clothes, and setting her drawers in order. As I did this, I perceived a small box, with the key in it. Curiosity prompted me to open it, and I saw, to my surprise, a large sealed letter, which was addressed to Miss Pembroke.

'I thought it very odd, that a letter, addressed to her, should remain unopened; and, fancying that it might somehow relate

to

to the place she was gone to, I had, Sir, the presumption (I knew it was very wrong) to open it.'

"Good God!" exclaimed Adeliza.

Her father's eyes were anxiously directed towards her, while Percy went on.

'I found,' continued the girl, 'it had nothing to do with that; but on the inside paper was written—*A will.*'

"A will!" was re-echoed by every voice.

'I did not read that; but folded it carefully together, and here it has laid ever since.'

"She took it from the box, and presented it to me. I received it, dearest Adeliza, in charge for you; but you will readily credit me when I say I never opened it. It lies now in my portmanteau; shall I go for it?"

He

He left the room, and Adeliza related by what means it came into her possession. Percy returned with the packet, which he put into her hand.

"I restore it safe as I received it.—From Santa Fe we came on here, little thinking how rich a banquet was prepared for us."

"The pleasure," said Adeliza, "is at least mutual."

Percy looked his grateful thanks.

"At the time," said our charming heroine, "that I received this packet from my worthy though eccentric friend, it was with a strict charge that I should not open it, unless driven to the very extremity of earthly misery; and that," added she, emphatically, "I am *sure* is not my case now. I cannot, therefore, think myself authorized to examine the contents."

"May

"May I," said her father, "look at the address? There can be no harm in that."

He viewed the hand-writing, and was examining the seals. When thus engaged, he turned pale as ashes, and, without speaking, put the packet into the Duke Garcias Moresco's hand.

Adeliza looked at her father with alarm. The instant the Duke cast his eyes on the writing, he exclaimed—

"Gracious God! this is the hand-writing of Colonel Rivers—and this his arms! I cannot be mistaken."

"So it struck me," said the Duke of Ormond; "but I thought I must be deceived."

"There can then," said the Duke Garcias, "be no impropriety, under the present circumstances, in examining the contents."

CHAP.

## CHAP. XII.

Ye blest retreats, ye pleasing glooms, all hail!
Ye varied scenes of woodland, hill, and dale!
Whether my eyes with hurried glance survey
Yon flow'ry lawns in wild luxuriance gay,
Or to those distant forests stretch with pain,
That tower to heaven, and darken all the plain,
Still, as the varied prospect meets my sight,
My conscious bosom bounds with new delight.

MAURICE.

ON opening the packet, a paper, folded up, and addressed to Adeliza, first attracted attention. The Duke Garcias unfolded it, and, casting his eyes towards the bottom—

"I was

is not," said he, " mistaken in my
ires ! see, 'tis John Rivers !"
en, with Adeliza's permission, read
ys.

---

"When I committed this paper
care, I confided, my amiable friend,
your honour; not wishing, for par-
easons, that the Duchess of Ormond
now any thing of it. Should you, my
eliza, be reduced to the necessity
ning this, I hope in God, the
s may prove a comfort to you. I
ved long enough in the world to
hat there are few distresses that
cannot remedy, at least mitigate.
d you will find bills to a considerable
; and also observe, that I have left
you

you all I die possessed of, *as your right.* This, perhaps, will astonish you; but know, my child, that in your mother I deplore the loss of an only, a much-beloved *sister!* Had she reposed confidence in me, she would have had no cause to repent of it; but this she did not, and the consequent misery was such as she had a right to expect.

"After some years had elapsed, I learned where she lived, and the name she had assumed; for she feared to claim the one which by marriage she was entitled to. But far be it from me to point out to a child the errors of a parent, particularly when that parent has by death expiated all her offences! Neither is it for me to make known to you what your parents thought it *prudent to conceal!*

"I shall conclude with praying to that God,

God, who alone can succour us in distress, and relieve us from every difficulty and danger, to shield you with his mercy, and grant to you every blessing; for how intricate, how dark, and mysterious soever to us, shortsighted mortals, are the ways of God; yet from what seeming evil does not the most unlooked-for happiness often proceed! The modesty and gentleness of your conduct gained, dear Adeliza, my affection; your prudence and unaffected piety my esteem: so unlike many of the young and gay, who, fond of enterprise, and elated with hope, with an imagination warm and beguiling, and vain of their fancied superiority, trust entirely to their own abilities, to carry them through a sad, deceitful world, not only with quiet, but with triumph. They deride the admonitions given by their experienced friends,

as

as the timorous precautions, and peevish suggestions of age. Too wise to learn with humility; too impatient to think with deliberation, and too impetuous to be by just authority restrained, they plunge precipitately into those gaieties, and thence into dangers, with which human life abounds. But such, my valuable child, is not your case; no, I believe it to be the exact reverse. As therefore you are good and innocent, that Power, who makes the good and deserving his peculiar care, will guide, guard, and protect my amiable niece. Such, dear child! will be the constant, the fervent prayers of your approving and obliged uncle,

"JOHN RIVERS."

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Adeliza

Adeliza hung over the Duke's chair, as he read this tenderly affecting letter; and her tears fell silently, while her heart overflowed with gratitude. The paper enclosed was indeed a will, drawn up in form, in which he nominated her sole heiress to all his property.

Every one present was deeply affected; the Duke's voice frequently faltering as he read. Adeliza, at the request of all present, related the events that had during the last three years befallen her; passing over, as gently as possible, all that was unpleasant, but dwelling with peculiar pleasure on the kindness shewn her by her dear uncle; whom she, from the inmost recesses of her heart, wished might long live, to enjoy that property he had so nobly consigned over to her. Nor did

she, with diminished satisfaction, expatiate on the cordiality of the venerable Duchess of Ormond, the amiable Marchioness, and the sweet Lady Anna; the latter of whom would now fail to possess great part of an immense property, the Duke of Ormond being rightful heir. At the same time, the private fortune of her father, with that of her mother, were sufficient to satisfy the most ambitious female; so that no distress arose on that account.

How did Percy's blood boil, when Adeliza repeated what had happened to her at Mrs. Grimalkin's; and how heartily did the Duke join in determining to expose the perfidious woman, when they should return to England!

The Duke Garcias being considerably better, it was fixed that the whole party should

should set out shortly for the Castle of Santa Fe, and thence to England. As they were conversing together—

"I have been thinking," said Velasco, "that as neither Captain Surrey, Count Julian, nor you, dear young lady, are acquainted with the events that of late years have befallen me, I had better relate them ere I am admitted your travelling companion."

This was approved, and Velasco began.

"To trace my ill fortune to the foundation, it will be necessary to go back many years. My father, the Duke Altimira, was warm in his passions, but generous in his heart. My mother died when I was too young to be sensible of my loss. My sister was always the favourite; still my father treated me with indulgent kindness: too much so indeed, for he made it a rule

that neither my sister nor I were to be thwarted in any thing. This fatal indulgence paved the way to future misery for both of us. All went on in the usual domestic routine, not without some childish quarrellings, but which were repeated to my father, who uniformly espoused my sister's cause, whether right or wrong; always condemning, if not severely punishing me. This produced in my breast envy, and in her's the most insolent superiority.

"Thus we lived, till I went from home on my travels, with my friend here, the Count Julian. The two years I was absent, I may truly say were the happiest of my life. Three months of it were spent at the Castle of Santa Fe, where the hospitable treatment I received, must ever with gratitude be stamped upon my heart.

"One morning very early, as with my gun

gun I traversed the grounds belonging to the Castle, before any of its inhabitants were risen, chance directed me to a little cottage, enclosed in a garden. Sounds of music stole on my ear; I listened, and evidently perceived, that though sweet, the strings were struck by an untrained hand. I opened the wicket, and fearlessly entered; when a most interesting object caught my eye: it was the lovely Constance! Her artlessness and modesty, together with her extreme beauty, instantly made the deepest impression on my susceptible heart, and from that moment I became devoted to her. Frequent visits only strengthened the impression already made; and, feeling that life without Constance was of no value, I resolved, let the consequences be what they would, to marry her!

"Too innocent and unsuspecting to conceal her thoughts, she confessed her love for me, and I tore myself from her, though with the hope of soon meeting again, to claim her as my bride.

"On my return to this chateau with my friend, I was surprised at the alteration in the person of my sister: nothing could be more completely beautiful. She became enamoured of my friend; but he was insensible to charms distorted with pride, and clouded with ill temper. Vittoria had made me her confidant, and desired that I would endeavour to learn what were the sentiments the Count entertained of her. This unpleasant commission I would willingly have avoided; but it was impossible: therefore, with infinite reluctance, I undertook the thankless office.

"The

"The chamber where Julian slept, joined to my sister's dressing-room. I went thither, and honestly acquainted him with what had just passed. He told me in return, what I already knew, that Vittoria was not the woman formed to make him happy. This I felt was a truth beyond controverting: therefore, I did not endeavour to persuade him to alter his resolution; but, as one friend to another, deplored the sad effects which excessive indulgence, though ever so kindly meant, has on the undisciplined hearts of the young.

'I think,' said the Count, 'the best course I can pursue, will be, for the present at least, to take my leave of your family.'

"To this I could make no objection, and the next day he proposed to leave the chateau. As soon as he was gone, Vittoria

with a countenance inflamed by rage, came into my room.

'So, Sir," said she, "I am, if I mistake not, highly indebted to you for your brotherlike conduct! How durst you thus insult the name of sister, unnatural as you are? You wished your friend not to marry one of so turbulent, so imperious a spirit! Your regard for him was such, that you chose to sacrifice a sister's peace of mind at the shrine of this all-perfect friendship!—Well, Velasco, may you regard me with astonishment! Yes, Sir, I overheard your conversation with that fastidious, that insensible Julian! That, Sir,' pointing to a wainscot partition, 'only divides my dressing-room from this; it would have been better your prudence should have chosen a more distant place for your important conversation!'

'In

'In that case, Vittoria,' I incautiously replied, 'you might have missed the opportunity of once at least hearing the language of sincerity and truth.'

'And is this,' said she, while indignation almost choked her utterance, 'insolent, ungrateful monster! all you have to say in extenuation of such treachery?'

'My conduct,' I replied, 'requires no apology; nor shall I stoop to the meanness of making any.'

'Indeed!' said she, contemptuously eyeing me from head to foot. 'No, I dare say you are all-perfect; I doubt not, Constance Veronese thinks you so!'

"I was thunderstruck! My heart sickened; for her name I had never mentioned to a soul breathing: not having had a favourable opportunity to prefer my suit to my father.

'Constance Veronese!' reiterated I; 'who told you aught of her?'

'That is of no consequence,' said she, as she left the room; 'but revenge is in my own hands!'

"This I soon felt was no more than the truth. When next I saw my father, he met me with a countenance, in which anger was so legibly marked, that it could not be mistaken. He told me he had received a letter from the father of the young woman I had madly promised to marry; that he, from the time which had elapsed since that promise was made, feared I had altered my mind, and therefore wrote to him, to demand justice from me!

"The scene I went through, was distressing in the extreme; for I firmly resolved, on no account whatever, to give up my angel, Constance, which was the only

only term of forgiveness my father would accept. In a state of mind bordering on distraction, I took my leave of him, saying that I would rather become a solitary, despised wanderer on the face of the earth, than submit to such unmerited cruelty in the house of a father! I ordered my horses, and, without seeing Vittoria, who carried her resentment so far as to refuse to take leave of me, left the chateau.

"With a desponding heart I slowly journied on towards Granada, where I expected to meet my friend Julian; but, to my disappointment, found he had left it the day before. In a day or two I received a letter from the Father La Merci. It was written in so affectionate, yet so just a style, that I felt I durst not disobey the line of conduct he had marked out for

me. Oh! what agonies did I endure, on the perusal of this letter! The conflict between the duty I still owed my father, and the love I bore the heavenly Constance, was indeed terrible. At length duty prevailed; and I wrote to the good man, to say that his arguments had conquered my hitherto rebellious heart, and that I solemnly promised to be all my father could wish.

"Tormented and wretched, I wandered about, not knowing how to drive away the reflections that harrowed up my very soul, when a messenger arrived, to say my father was extremely ill; and that, if I wished to see him alive, I should lose no time in setting off for the chateau. Inexpressibly shocked, I instantly accompanied the messenger. He said my father had been suddenly taken ill, and that my sister had

instantly

instantly dispatched him with the distressing news. I was grateful for this attention, and forgot every unpleasant circumstance.

"On reaching the desert that intervenes between this place and Santa Fe, just as we had got about the middle of it, a party of banditti rushed from a cave upon us. I called to my attendant, to defend himself; but, instead of doing this, he fired his pistol directly at me, saying—

'You die by your sister's commands!'

"I fell from my horse, and was by the robbers conveyed into their retreat. For some months I lingered in the most deplorable state, from the severe wound I had received. I cursed the world and its perfidy, and groaned when I thought of my father, who, one of the robbers told me, was dead. I loathed even the thought of my sister, while my heart was convulsed with

with agony when my Constance recurred to my thoughts.

'And is this,' said I, 'the reward I am to receive for the heavy sacrifice I have made of that angel? Oh! wretched man that I am, what is to become of me?'

"It was ten months before I was able to be moved from my bed; and, during that time, I was treated with the kindest attention, particularly by the Captain, who was a young man, and had, from ill usage, left his home, and had been raised to this dangerous pre-eminence. It was not merely the wound I received from Bernardo, that so distressed me; but on firing the pistol, my horse took fright, threw me, trampled me under foot, and broke one of my thigh bones: so that, with the terrible wound I received, you may suppose I was in a desperate condition.

"The

"The Captain attended me almost night and day, with the most unremitting kindness; he soothed the agony of my mind, and, by every means, endeavoured to reconcile me to life, which I now considered as a most insupportable burthen.

"When I began to crawl about, I knew not how to employ or amuse myself; and at length, after much entreaty, and many specious arguments, which, circumstanced as I was, made the easier impression, he succeeded in prevailing on me to remain with him and his party. One evening he was brought home mortally wounded, and, in the course of the night, expired; begging me, if I regarded him, to supply his place. Having gained the confidence of the band, I was unanimously chosen to be their Captain.

"This event happened only two months

before Adeliza, heaven-sent, made her appearance at the cave; nor ever had I once had occasion to exercise in person my command, I may say my forced commission. The beauty of her person, she will permit me to say, excited my strongest admiration, and her innocence my veneration. Virtue I contemplated in so visible, so angelic a form, that I vowed I would pursue the phantom through the world. The tone of her voice, the manner in which she spoke —nay, her very sentiments, brought so strongly my deserted Constance to my mind, that the reflections this also brought with it, were more than I could submit to, and fixed my resolution of quitting for ever my present way of life.

"Full of this determination, I resigned my lawless commission, left the cave, and travelled towards Granada, where I learned

my

my sister had taken leave of the chateau, and, with my aunt, had gone to England. I therefore bent my wandering, wearisome footsteps hither; and behold the happy consequences!"

Many and truly kind and soothing were the congratulations he received, as well as pressing invitations, which he joyfully accepted, to accompany the party to England.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XIII.

Oh Happiness! celestial fair!
Our earliest hope, our latest care,
Let us not sue in vain!
Oh! deign to hear our fond request;
Come, take possession of our breast,
And there for ever reign.

MRS. H. MORE.

THE day proved fine, in which our party, in excellent spirits, set out from the chateau, and, without any accident, arrived in safety at Santa Fe. The Duke Garcias was much fatigued; but the good Father La Merci, whom

whom he had prevailed upon to accompany him, proved a great help and blessing.

Josephine was half wild with joy on beholding her dear young lady; and Adeliza was easily prevailed upon to take the grateful girl with her to England.

With regret they parted from the Duke Garcias Moresco, and some tears were shed on bidding farewell to the good Father La Merci. The party, consisting of the Duke of Ormond, his amiable daughter (now Lady Adeliza Feversham), Velasco (Duke Altimira), Count Julian, Percy, and the humble Josephine, in safety reached the frontiers. As here they waited for a change of horses, a poor man came into the court-yard, and addressed Velasco, who stood there; he gave him some money, and the Duke at that moment coming out, the mendicant let fall the benefaction, set

up

up a shout of joy, and ran hastily towards him, exclaiming—

"My master! my dear master! Oh Lord! can it be possible? I am so glad! but, Sir, is it indeed you yourself?"

"Yes, my faithful *Rampart!* (for it was he) it is indeed your master. But come with me, and I will shew you a person you will be equally glad to behold."

He took him into the room to Adeliza.

"Good Heavens!" said she, "can it be possible? How rejoiced I am to see you, my old friend!"

She extended her hand to him, and talked to him with the most winning affability.

"Dear heart!" said he, rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand, "well, to be sure I never thought to see this blessed day! Well, 'tis all very marvellous!"

Adeliza

Adeliza asked him if he should like to return to England with them.

"Like it, Miss! aye, for certain I should. Why I was just on my way there, on purpose to tell you how my dear master was confined in that dismal place. I am main tired of these outlandish folks; they be a strange set to my mind, except indeed one that I have seen."

"And who," asked Percy, significantly, "may that one be?"

"Why, an' please your Honour," replied he, twirling his hat on his stick, "mayhap you have seen she! 'tis the young woman who lives at the little cottage, in the way to the place where my master was confined, just after we passed the horrid crags, before we came to the great desert: they call her, Sir, Yolanda."

"I know

"I know her well," said Velasco; "she is a worthy creature."

"So she be, Sir; but I could not persuade her to come with me, for all that. So when I was there—I mean as we went—mayhap you may have noticed it—I wrote the names of all *our* family upon the window."

"Whose?" asked Adeliza.

"Why our's, Miss; I mean my master's, mistress's, Master George's, and your's; but only the first letters—I hope no offence, Miss!"

"None, my friend," said Adeliza, smiling. "This," said she to her father, "unravels another mystery."

The carriage being announced, and the delighted Rampart made one of the party, they all reached England in safety.

To

To describe the varied emotions that filled every breast as they entered the streets of London, would fill a volume. They drove to an hotel, thinking it not prudent to go to the Duchess's, till she could be prepared for so many wonders. This they had not attempted to do by letter, fearing that the surprise might overpower her. It was therefore settled that Adeliza and Percy should go together, and prepare her, by breaking gently, and by degrees, the news of her son being alive. As Adeliza and Percy left the room together, he said to the Duke, her father—

"Now, kind Sir, are you to commit this treasure to my care."

"Yes!" replied the Duke; "and with satisfaction I do so. I know you love my child; and, dear, deserving youth, I think you worthy to possess so great a treasure.

Accept

Accept her from my hands, as the richest behest I can give. May you be as happy as a father's wishes! God bless my darling children!"

As they were seated in the carriage, Percy said—

"May I, most beloved Adeliza, hope that what your dear father has now generously anticipated, does not militate against your own inclination; and that you will soon consent to be mine by the closest of all ties?"

Blushing consent, she replied—

"In obeying my father's wishes, dear Percy, I follow the dictates of my satisfied heart, which, long ere this, has acknowledged you its unrivalled master."

"How, in what language, dearest Adeliza, can I express the grateful, the joyful emotions that swell my heart? To attempt

to

to say how much I love you, how fervently I adore you, would be impossible; but every future hour of my life shall be spent in endeavouring to prove how truly sensible I am of the value of the inestimable jewel committed to my care! Never, Adeliza, lovely, interesting girl, shall you, I trust, have reason to repent of the distinguished honour, the boundless happiness, you have this day conferred. When I cease to remember it with undiminished affection, may I cease to live!"

"Enough, dear Percy!" said Adeliza, much affected by the earnestness of his manner; "I am satisfied, and perfectly convinced that what I have now confirmed, is the only method of ensuring my own happiness."

Percy pressed her hand to his lips, and in the next minute the carriage stopped at the Duchess of Ormond's.

With a palpitating heart Adeliza ascended the stairs.

"I will wait at the drawing-room door," said she; "do you go in, and prepare for my following you."

As Percy entered, she saw the venerable Duchess and the Marchioness sitting at work by the fire-side. The Marquis was reading aloud, and Constance was sitting by Anna, on whose knee the infant slept. The Duchess looked up, and, taking off her spectacles, rubbed them. The Marquis, on seeing Percy, sprang from his seat, flung down his book, and held out both hands to welcome him. The Marchioness with great surprise regarded him.

"Captain Surrey?" said the Duchess, in a tone of enquiry.

"Yes, dear Madam! even so."

"Tell me, I beseech you," said the Marchioness, eagerly, as she laid her hand on

Percy's arm, "what tidings of that dear, interesting girl, my much-loved Adeliza?"

No longer able to keep her station, she was in the next moment clasped in the Marchioness's arms.

"My Adeliza!"

"My dear Marchioness!" were alternately reiterated.

Constance, with folded arms, and humid eyes, stood surveying this interesting picture. Adeliza, catching a glimpse of her, hastily disengaged herself, gazed a moment at her, threw her arms round her neck, exclaiming — "My sister, my beloved sister!" and fainted.

The astonishment which this extraordinary scene created, was extreme; nor could any one, excepting Percy, comprehend the meaning of it.

The Duchess, much affected, took

Adeliza's deathlike hand, who presently, sighing deeply, opened her eyes. She beheld the venerable woman hanging over her.

"My dearest grandmother!" grasping the hand she held, and raising it to her lips, "do not think I have lost my senses, though excess of transport overpowered me!"

The Duchess viewed her with a look of compassion.

"Poor child!" said she, mournfully, "how great must have been the sorrows that could overturn thy steady mind!"

"Percy," said Adeliza, "do explain this, and remove every doubt."

The Duchess fixed her penetrating eyes on his face, waiting with impatience the desired explanation.

"Knowing, as I well do, my dear Madam,"

Madam," said Percy, " the uncommon strength of your mind, I am the less fearful of overpowering you by the joyful, no less than wonderful recital."

" Gracious Heaven !" said the Duchess, with emotion, " to what can this preparation tend? Oh ! keep me not in suspense; for an anticipation, too delightful to be indulged with prudence, floats in my mind !"

" Imagination," said Percy, " can hardly transport you beyond the bounds of possibility. In this sweet girl, behold the daughter of your lamented son, your much-loved George !"

" Oh God !" said the Duchess, casting her fine expressive eyes towards heaven, " enable me to bear, with becoming fortitude and humility, the strong tide of joy that rushes through my soul ! My Adeliza !

my darling child! Oh, let me press thee to my beating heart! This—this is unexpected happiness indeed!"

Tears of mingled joy and sorrow graced her venerable face.

"There is," said she, "no earthly happiness without alloy; for though now blessed beyond expectation, still the heart of a mother clung almost unconsciously to the hope of one day embracing my dear, unfortunate George, when his presence should brighten the evening of my days. In the disappointment I am punished for the absurdity of the wish. How could I flatter myself with what was so improbable? The feelings of a mother must plead my excuse. When my heart ached for the sorrows which this dear girl sustained on the death of her father, how little did I imagine that *that* father was my own beloved

beloved son! Oh, merciless waves! to rob me of such a treasure!"

"For pity's sake, my revered grandmother," said Adeliza, "do not weep! Oh, do not thus distress yourself! things may be better than you imagine. The ocean is an uncertain element; who can tell but it may have spared him? Such unlooked-for deliverances have happened."

The Duchess hastily wiped the tears from her eyes, looked earnestly at Adeliza, and, in a quick though steady voice, said—

"Unless you have some strong reason for what you now say, I know you would not so cruelly torture my feelings. Tell me, does my George live? I can bear the answer; but let it be quick."

"He does!" replied Percy; for Adeliza was too deeply affected to speak.

The Duchess clasped her hands as she [illegible] it her chair.

Percy then in as concise a manner as possible, related the wonderful events that had lately taken place.

It would be difficult to decide whether joy or astonishment predominated. The Duchess, who impatiently wished to see her beloved son, would have gone to him; but this her attentive family prevented, and Percy was dispatched, to bring him to her; Adeliza remaining with her newly discovered relatives.

When Percy left the room, the Duchess arose from her seat, and, affectionately kissing Adeliza—

"I will," said she, "my equally beloved children, retire for a few minutes. Be not alarmed, I shall soon return; and, I trust, composed."

No

No one ventured to interrupt her, and she left them. The Marchioness threw her arms round Adeliza, and wept her joy.

"I must," said Constance, artlessly, "be a sharer here."

Adeliza pressed her affectionately to her bosom. The Marquis had gone with his infant to the nursery, and just then returned.

"Come, my dearest Matilda," said he, tenderly, "I shall not suffer you to take this method of shewing your joy."

"I always obey!" said the Marchioness, smiling, as she dried away the tears.

"I have," said Adeliza, "still more wonders to relate, though I feared to overpower the dear Duchess; and, as she took no further notice of my hasty speech, I durst not again mention it. Nay, my friends, be not alarmed! there is nothing

unpleasant in it. Oh, no; how widely the reverse! Yes; dear Constance is in truth my sister!"

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the Marchioness, "how can this be?"

"It is so indeed!" replied Adeliza; "and no less *strange* than *true*."

"Can such bliss be really mine?" said Constance, with delighted emotion. "Now I can account for the throbbings of my conscious heart, when first I saw you. Nature instinctively drew me to my dear sister. But may I believe this? Is it not a pleasing delusion?"

The Duchess returned, with serenity restored to her expressive face. In a short time the expected guests arrived. The meeting between the mother and her long lost son, was affecting beyond expression; but she bore it with wonderful fortitude.

Percy

Percy alone accompanied him; leaving the other gentlemen at the hotel.

When the first tumults of joy were in some degree subsided—

"I have still," said the anxious father, "another treasure here; my heart makes the election!"

He folded the weeping Constance to his breast, kissed, and blessed her. Here was fresh matter of wonder for the Duchess. The Marchioness he embraced with all the warmth of fraternal affection, though he could recollect but little of her, she being so very young when he quitted his father's house. In the interesting Anna he mourned the death of a much-loved brother, whose perfect transcript she was, though more delicately copied from nature. The Marquis cordially joined in the general joy, made doubly welcome from previous suffering.

## CHAP. XIV.

For men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him: as place, riches, and favours,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit;
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that leaned on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another; and together
Die in the fall.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE Duke of Ormond, at his friends' earnest request, now related all that had, in the space of four-and-twenty years, befallen

befallen him; commencing his story from the time he became acquainted with the Duke Garcias Moresco. It would be unnecessary to repeat it here, as it was precisely the same he related to the Duke, at the chateau in Spain. In this account, the tender, forgiving mother saw much more to commiserate than to condemn. He continued his interesting narration to the time of his confinement, by the Duke's orders, in the chateau; and then desired Adeliza to give an account of what had befallen her in the Castle of Santa Fe, and her strange but most fortunate removal to the same place with himself.

When Adeliza related by what accident the Duke Garcias made the discovery of her birth, all hands were raised with wonder. Each heart trembled, as she related the manner in which she travelled

with

with the Moorish soldiers; her adventure in the wood, where she saw the body consigned to the earth by torch-light; her dangerous passage across the tremendous crags; but with pleasure she spoke of Yolanda, at the comfortable little cottage.

Here she was interrupted by the Marchioness, who, to the astonished Adeliza, declared that both she and Constance were there at that very time. She then repeated the circumstance of visiting her when asleep, and also that she afterwards went into the garden with her lute.

"How very remarkable!" said Adeliza, smiling; "and so it was you, dear Constance, who so astonished and puzzled me. Well, I suppose all the extraordinary scenes I have witnessed, all the spectres I have seen, will in time be accounted for in the same simple manner."

She

She next recounted the adventure of the robbers, while her auditors dared hardly breathe, lest they should lose a word. As she described Velasco, Constance, whose hand laid on her arm, grasped her still closer and harder. Adeliza looked at her father; she had gone too far to recede, and knew not what to do, while he was watching the varying countenance of his newly found child with extreme anxiety.

"However unfavourable," continued Adeliza, "appearances might be, yet there was in him, as we have since learned, but little to condemn; and of this you will be convinced, when I say he is my *father's friend.*"

Constance hid her face in her sister's lap, and sobbed aloud.

Adeliza took no notice of her emotion; but continued her narrative.

"Still,"

"Still," said she, "you will be more astonished, when I tell you that this young man is own brother to Donna Vittoria!"

The Marchioness sighed, and turned pale.

"Her brother!" said she; "how remarkable!"

Adeliza's shooting the wolf, was much applauded. Then came the description of the Castle, intended for her residence, being in flames; her going forward with the soldiers; and, at last, her arrival at the chateau. She spoke warmly of the civility of old Margaretta, and the discovery she made of her young master, whom she lamented as dead, and who was the same she had seen at the cave, that had so much interested her; nor did the statue pass unnoticed by her. She also described her room, her bed, the dagger, and the panel that admitted her into another apartment.

"This,"

"This," said the Duke, interrupting her, "explains what I before could never account for. The part of the building in which I was confined, being remote from the habitable part of it, I was allowed the range of a long passage; there being no danger, from my being under ground, of my effecting an escape. On either side this passage were cells, in one of which I lay, and at the extremity a sort of square room, into which, through an opening at the top, the light and air were admitted; the sentinels, who constantly passed along here, having it in charge to watch me."

"It was then a sentinel," said Adeliza, surprised, "who so much alarmed me; but pray, Sir, proceed!"

"I had," continued the Duke, "discovered a way, which led to the habitable part of the chateau, through a long room, where

where stood many statues. I was not denied a light; therefore, when all were locked in the arms of sleep, I wandered about the building, visiting, at different times, almost every part of it. My most frequent visits were paid to one room, which looked upon the terrace, whence I could just discern the ocean. One evening, on returning to that room, I found the door locked. This perplexed me excessively, and I feared to repeat my visit."

"That was my doing," said Adeliza; "but how little did I imagine *who* I turned the key against."

"In the course of my ramblings," said the Duke, "the same statue that so forcibly arrested your attention, my Adeliza, did mine likewise. A sudden thought struck me.—'I will,' said I to myself, 'equip me in this armour; then I may fearlessly enjoy the

the fresh air, by walking on the terrace. Among people so extremely superstitious, I shall run no hazard of detection.'

"I tried on the helmet; and finding it extremely heavy, the trouble of carrying this, and the other parts of the accoutrements, would, I perceived, more than outweigh the pleasure I should enjoy; the distance to the door that led out on the terrace, being great. I had therefore abandoned my scheme, till, on replacing the helmet, I found the statue move. I examined it minutely, and, to my infinite pleasure, no less than astonishment, found that it and the pedestal were distinct from each other, and that the one side of the latter formed a sort of trap-door, which, with much difficulty, I at length succeeded in unfastening. Here, by the aid of my lamp, I descried a flight of narrow, steep

stairs.

stairs, which, though decayed and much broken, I descended; carefully closing the door after me. I now presently found myself in the long passage, leading past the end of the statue-room, and close to my cell. This was a welcome discovery, and I lost no time in making use of it.

"The next evening, or rather night, I ascended by my newly discovered way, equipped myself in the armour, put the helmet on, and pursued my way, very composedly, to the terrace. I went out by the great door; but generally returned by a low private one. This rambling change I continued for awhile, unmolested.

"A circumstance I met with about this time, astonished and bewildered me beyond measure; it was this. One morning, when, as usual, going to the room I before mentioned as being at the end of the passage,

passage, I beheld laying on the ground a miniature picture; but, gracious Heaven! what were my feelings, when, instantly upon looking at it, I recognised the well-known features of Captain Surrey, the son of my old friend, Lord Raby, and the affianced husband of my child! Equally confounded and perplexed, I knew not how to act. I thought that whoever had left it there, would undoubtedly return for it, as I could not but conclude it had been left undesignedly; I therefore wrote upon a slip of paper, with my pencil, what I flattered myself might turn to some good account; at the same time resolving to endeavour to discover who was the owner of this treasure. I watched all day, without effect. I had more than once been nearly detected in my nightly excursion, therefore did not venture abroad so often; but the evening

evening after I had seen the picture, proving uncommonly fine, I was tempted to renew my ramble.

" As I slowly walked along the terrace, meditating on past events, I perceived that some of the soldiers had secreted themselves behind the cannon. I feared to mend my pace, lest that should create suspicion. At a signal given by these men, several others rushed from the upper end of the terrace; when, to my astonishment, I heard a single report of fire-arms, seemingly from the upper part of the chateau! The soldiers, fortunately for me, fell to the ground, or stood dismayed, while I made my critical escape.

" My curiosity was excited in the strongest degree. Who could it be that had so providentially saved my life? and, once more at least, I resolved to walk along

along the terrace, in hopes that, by some chance, I should obtain the wished-for knowledge. I ascended my little stairs, and had just replaced my accoutrements, and raised the trap-door, to return, when I heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and presently saw a light. Alarmed, I hastily let the door drop, which struck me violently on the head, and stunned me. I fell; but was prevented from being precipitated to the bottom of the stairs, by my clothes being caught in the door; nor could I extricate myself. In extreme pain I groaned, giving myself up for lost; and, in the bitterness of disappointment and anguish, lay some little time. Made desperate by the agony of my situation, with a strong effort, I disengaged myself."

"How very extraordinary is this!" said Adeliza, no longer able to restrain her surprise.

surprise. "Dear Sir! though innocently, I was the cause of your hurt and alarm; and you, no less, of my terror and inconceivable consternation. I heard the tremendous groans, and with dismay felt, as I imagined, the statue tremble; and this was occasioned, I suppose, by your forcibly disengaging your clothes. I heard the dreadful sounds repeated, and, rapid as lightning, flew towards my own chamber; but, in my alarm, mistaking the door, for the first time, was most cruelly introduced into the room you mentioned, my dear Sir, as containing the statues."

"As the alarm was mutual," said the Duke, smiling, "we cannot, my love, reproach one another.

"At last I crawled to where my light was not yet extinguished, and, with infinite pain and difficulty, I took the way to my dungeon.

dungeon. The blood poured from the wound I had received in my head, and almost blinded me; dying my hand and clothes, and leaving a horrid track behind me. The night was tempestuous, and I thought of passing the remainder of it in the statue-room; uncertain whether I had strength sufficient to get to my usual place of confinement. I paused as I reached the room, not knowing how to act, till the thought striking me that there I might die, without hope of help or relief, I moved slowly on to my dungeon."

"And I, dearest father!" exclaimed Adeliza, bursting into tears, "saw you in that dreadful condition; and, Oh heart-rending thought! attempted not to minister to your relief! But, alas! I knew you not; or what must have been my agonized sensations!"

"No more, my child, I beseech you!" said the Duke; "do not now grieve; all has terminated happily. But to proceed—

"I was, for a few days, incapacitated from stirring from my cell; but determined, when able, to attempt to visit the terrace again, in hopes of seeing something of the person to whom the miniature belonged. Too weak in mind and body, to bear the fatigue of putting on the armour, I went out in my usual dress. Several times I walked up and down the terrace, wistfully examining every part of the building. Presently I thought I descried a female form at one of the casements. I gazed up towards it; but, gracious God! what were my sensations, when, quick as thought, it precipitated itself from the window! With dismay I involuntarily recoiled a few paces; but, in the next moment,

moment, clasped to my convulsed and agonized breast the mangled form of my darling Adeliza!

"In a few seconds the Duke Garcias Moresco made his most unwelcome appearance; and, finding me hanging over my child, whom I supposed to be dead, ordered her to be carried into the chateau; while I, in a state of distraction, was preparing to follow. I was soon, however, dragged away, and put under stricter confinement."

The Duke of Ormond now related what had been done by the Duke Garcias, at the chateau, to Adeliza; therefore it is unnecessary to repeat it. He added—

"When Bernardo and his companion came to my cell, I guessed their bloody design; but I made not the faintest resistance. Life was become a load so

insupportable, that I was indifferent to every thing, and welcomed death as freedom. They conveyed me to a forest, at no great distance from the chateau. The other man left us, and Bernardo stabbed me with his poniard in several places; leaving me, as he imagined, dead!

"You already know, my friends, the weight of obligation I lay under to that excellent man, the Father La Merci. To him I told the history of my life, and through him was led to that happiness, which now so richly recompenses me for every past suffering."

These events, related by the Duke of Ormond, and his amiable daughter Adeliza, filled the breasts of their astonished family with the warmest sentiments of heartfelt gratitude; and, in the course of the recital, robbed them of many a tear. Morning had

had dawned, before it was concluded; and, though no one felt inclined to go to rest, the Duchess insisted that, however against their inclinations, it was absolutely necessary; nor would she suffer Adeliza and her sister to be in the same apartment, saying, she knew it would be all talk, and no sleep.

This, though a severe disappointment, was quietly submitted to; and therefore, taking an affectionate leave of each other, they retired to their respective apartments.

## CHAP. XV.

And sure that Heaven my hopes shall bless,
And make thee fam'd for virtues fair;
And happy too, if happiness
Depend upon a parent's pray'r.
.....
Be thine the feelings of the mind,
That wake at honour's, friendship's call;
Benevolence, that, unconfin'd,
Extends her lib'ral hand to all.

ARMINE AND ELVIRA.

WE may partly imagine how severe the shock was, sustained by the Raby family on the receipt of Lord Howard's letter, which conveyed the dreadful intelligence of

of the bloody transactions in France. Lord Raby, with Mr. Villars, instantly set out for that country; leaving to Lady Raby the distressing task of breaking this frightful business to Lady Richmond and the Duchess Infantado.

When Lord Raby, on reaching Paris, beheld the features of the so lately beautiful and admired Vittoria, sunk and ghastly—that form, once so graceful, now cold in death, he shuddered.

"How awful, how impressive," said he, "ought this lesson to be to the young, beautiful, and gay! But a few fleeting days are passed, since she was followed, admired, caressed, and envied by all! now, Oh Heaven! who would change with her, her present condition? Who," continued he, still contemplating her sunken features, "could suppose that thou ever

possessed such resistless sway over the human mind? My son, my poor, murdered Richmond! is it thus we meet? Oh God! what a shocking sight is this for a father to behold!"

Lord Howard benevolently endeavoured to draw away the agonized Lord Raby from the contemplation of such truly distressing objects, and at length succeeded. As soon as it was practicable, the bodies were removed to England, where they were consigned to their last earthly abode, in as private a manner as possible.

The concern of Mr. Villars was deep indeed; having, but two days before the fatal news of his brother reached him, received the dying benediction of his father.

Though so late before the enlarged party at the Duchess of Ormond's retired to rest,

yet

yet were they all assembled by ten o'clock, at breakfast, the next morning.

"I have not," said Adeliza, "once enquired after Donna Vittoria; I hear she is in England."

The Marchioness rose from her seat, and hastily retired to the window.

"Is any thing the matter?" eagerly asked Adeliza.

The Marchioness mournfully shook her head.

"Why," said the Marquis, "will you, my dearest Matilda, thus distress yourself? The answer to the question just asked, though painful, must be given; 'tis impossible it can long be kept a secret!! Will you, my dear Captain Surrey, accompany me into the next room?"

Percy arose with evident perturbation. As soon as the gentlemen left the apartment,

the Marchioness related the melancholy events that had taken place in France. Our amiable heroine was shocked beyond measure, nor denied a tear to the memory of the misguided and fallen Vittoria. The Marquis soon returned.

"I have," said he, "left my friend to indulge in private the first tumults of grief. He feels acutely, as you may suppose, the distressing news I have communicated, and entreats you will excuse him for a short time."

How did Adeliza's heart bleed for the sufferings of him so justly dear to her! After some general conversation on this subject—

"I think," said the Duke of Ormond, "there could be no impropriety in my calling on Lord Raby; we were most intimate friends: I will, however, first hear what Percy says."

Percy,

Percy, with a pale face and dejected air, soon after joined them. Adeliza, her voice trembling with emotion, endeavoured to speak words of comfort; nor was her anxiety lost on him. He was grateful to the Duke for his considerate offer; and they together took their way to Lord Raby's.

"Should I not, my dearest Madam," said Adeliza to her revered grandmother, "go and enquire after my generous friend, my worthy uncle? I quite long to see him."

"I have already, my love, sent to know how he is; he may, Heaven knows, be alive or not. This I wished to ascertain, ere you paid him a visit."

She thanked the considerate Duchess, and then with Constance went up to her dressing-room. After some affectionate conversation between the interesting sisters—

"Can you, my sweet Constance," said Adeliza, tenderly, "form any notion *who* the friend my father has spoken of, *is?*"

Constance turned pale, looked wistfully in her face, threw her arm round her neck, and said with emotion—

"Can it be Velasco?"

"It is indeed," replied Adeliza, "the same!"

Tears of joy flowed down her glowing cheeks, as she hid her face in her sister's bosom. A most interesting conversation now ensued, towards the close of which Constance said—

"To Velasco I am indebted for the little knowledge in music I possess; he took infinite pains to instruct me in that charming science. After his departure for his father's chateau, I had no delight in any thing but playing over and over again those

those airs he had taught me. Oh Heavens! what was my horror, when one day, as thus I sat amusing myself, my father (as I then supposed him) came to me, and, with fury in his looks, ordered me to think no more of my Velasco; for that I should never again behold him. I thought I should have died; but, alas! grief does but slowly destroy. From that fatal moment my lute was laid aside, and, like a troubled spirit, I wandered about, in search of that repose I could no where find. At the *fête* given by the Duke Garcias, I was, by my father, in the most peremptory manner, ordered to sustain the character I then did; but Oh, how many bitter pangs did that exertion cost me!"

Arm in arm, the lovely sisters descended to the drawing-room, where they were met by the Duke, whose features bore the stamp of recent distress.

"Has

"Has any thing happened, my dear Sir?" said Adeliza, alarmed.

Her father took her hand—

"You will, my love, be shocked to learn that your old friend——"

"My uncle," said she, interrupting, "my dear uncle is dead; is it not so?"

"He is, my child! but do not weep; we ought to rejoice that he is removed from a world which he had entirely ceased to regard and enjoy."

About two months previous to this time, the worthy, though eccentric, Colonel Rivers had taken an everlasting leave of this scene of being; dying, without a pang, in the arms of the old woman he had so long resided with. He left her a good legacy, giving her in charge the key of his room, which was not to be opened till Miss Pembroke should come to claim that part of his property which it contained.

Adeliza

Adeliza endeavoured in vain to restrain her tears on this to her melancholy event.

"I have promised, my love," said the Duke, "in your name, that to-morrow we will both of us call at Lord Raby's. You cannot imagine how anxious they all are to see you!"

"I will, dear Sir, gladly accompany you."

The Duke of Ormond, who, from the misfortunes he himself had endured, could sincerely participate in, and sympathize with the like in others, felt himself strongly interested in the fate of the contrite Velasco; nor was this sentiment by any means weakened, on his making the discovery that the affection he bore his amiable Constance, had been the source of his most acute sufferings. True, he had acted very blameably, in one instance

particularly; but that was fervently repented of. The Duke, having weighed all circumstances deliberately in his own mind, the result was, that his young friend deserved pity, rather than severe condemnation. In consequence of which, a long and serious conversation took place between the Duke and Velasco on this highly interesting topic. The latter replied with such unfeigned humility, such sincere contrition, and so many honourable promises that from this period he would entirely be guided by him, that the Duke took him to his heart, and gave him leave to indulge the delightful hope of one day being united to the object of his fervent adoration.

The interview between Lady Raby and our amiable heroine was, we may suppose, agitating; in particular to the former, who made

made the handsomest apologies which the nature of the case could admit of, and which, by Adeliza, were accepted with that sweetness, and readiness to forgive and forget, which so strongly characterized her whole behaviour.

As she, with her father, returned from this visit, they called upon the Count Julian and Velasco, who now accompanied them to the Duchess of Ormond's.

"Come with me," said Adeliza, addressing Velasco; "I wish to speak with you in the breakfast parlour."

The Count Julian attended the Duke upstairs.

"Can you, my friend," said she, "guess my motive for what I have now done?"

"Dare I," replied Velasco, with emotion, "flatter myself?"

"Yes,"

"Yes," said Adeliza, affectionately, "you may! Remain here, and I will prepare my sweet sister for this meeting."

Away she tripped, and presently returned, bringing with her the agitated Constance. The meeting between these faithful lovers was affecting in the extreme. In some degree restored to composure, they together ascended to the drawing-room, where, to Adeliza's surprise, was Sir Armine Temple. He hastily rose to welcome her return to England, but with visible embarrassment. She answered his enquiries with an air so easy and gay, that it involuntarily communicated the same to him. The Duchess seemed much pleased with Velasco, and talked to him in the most affable and winning style. As the whole party stood chatting round the fire—

"I think,"

"I think," whispered the Count Julian to Constance, "I never saw you look so well—so happy as you do to-night."

"Because," she replied aloud, with artless earnestness, "I never had such reason to be so before. Could you read my heart, you might form some idea of the delight that it experiences at thus meeting my Velasco. He is, Sir, your friend; therefore you can judge how much he deserves the love of the happy Constance."

Velasco with transport pressed her fair hand, while Sir Armine vehemently exclaimed—

"Good God! who would wish to be lackered over with the *polish* of the world, as 'tis called, when nature teaches such resistless simplicity!"

How satisfied, how truly happy did the venerable Duchess of Ormond feel herself,

as

as with pleasure she contemplated the joyous group who surrounded her; and, with heartfelt gratitude to Heaven, owned that former suffering only served to render her present state more completely blessed.

## CHAP. XVI.

For innocence, with angel smile,
Simplicity that knows no guile,
And love and peace are there.

BEATTIE.

PERCY, Lord Richmond, was now become a constant visitor at the Duchess of Ormond's, and was, with the Duke, an unrivalled favourite, and Velasco, Duke Altimira, the declared lover of the charming Constance.

Constance. When he was informed of the melancholy fate of his sister, he was inexpressibly shocked. She had, indeed, behaved to him with unrelenting cruelty; but still he could not forget that she was his *sister*.

Lady Richmond, so early in life tasting its bitterness and distresses, taught experience in the rigid school of adversity, now viewed the world through a widely different and improved medium; despising its insincerity, avoiding its levity, and, as much as possible, living quiet and retired; visiting no one but the family of her sadly lamented Lord, and that of the Duchess of Ormond. Miss Fortescue she revered and loved with enthusiasm, and felt wretched at the idea of losing her cheering society; that charming young woman having accepted an offer of marriage made her by Count

Count Julian. This business had been arranged, to the entire satisfaction of all parties; Lady Richmond consenting to take up her residence with them; her resolution being firmly taken, on no account whatever, again to be tempted to enter that state, where all her hopes of happiness had been so cruelly blighted.

Henry Villars, by the death of his father and brother become rich and independent, declared to Lord Raby the affection he bore to his amiable daughter, Lady Catherine, and, without any difficulty, obtained his consent.

Catherine, who had long returned the tender love of Villars, now Earl of Hinchinbrook, without hardly daring to flatter herself he would ever have it in his power to marry her, yet, still feeling that

"Love will *hope*, where reason would despair,"

now

now joyfully gave her hand; by that means ensuring happiness in the only garb she could have accepted it.

Lady Jane, peevish, discontented, and provoked, availed herself of an invitation given by an old aunt, which she soon and sullenly accepted, that she might avoid the mortification of being an eye-witness to that happiness she could only envy.

Lady Margaret, it was settled, should reside with our charming heroine (whose peculiar favourite she remained), as soon as her marriage with Lord Richmond should take place.

The elegant Lady Anna frisked about, blithe as a bird. No repining thought once crossed her pure and generous mind, at the deprivation of her fortune, by the late discoveries; but, in the pleasing society of her new and charming relatives, she

she thought herself rich beyond calculation. For this exemplary way of thinking, she was indebted to the mild, the sensible, and judicious instructions of her invaluable, her much-loved grandmother; who, without making a pompous parade of what she did, like a Mrs. Grimalkin, had discharged, in every sense of the word, her *duty*, in the several characters of daughter, wife, and mother, and, superadded to these, that of grandmother. With a mind firm, an understanding solid, wit brilliant, and a heart totally exempt from every weakness, did she at all times, and in the most trying situations to which human life is liable, *act* as was wisest, discreetest, best; and thus living, and enjoying, in the decline of life, those blessings and real comforts which her exemplary conduct so richly merited.

As

As to Mrs. Grimalkin, so diametrically the opposite to this perfect woman—she who had so long imposed upon the world with her fictitious virtues, after the cruel and disgraceful business in which she bore so culpable a share, openly accused by the friends of the murdered Richmond, as the cause of that unfortunate young man's death, could no longer continue in London. She therefore went to Paris, where she soon lost, by death, her credulous and too easy husband, and, in a fortnight, married a coarse, vulgar *citoyen*, who believed her to be possessed of great riches. Finding too soon his mistake, he, without remorse, compels her to *work constantly at shoes* (which, indeed, was an employment she was qualified for, having, from motives of *economy*, learned that delicate art in England): and, to give a spirit to her

second more suitable junction, he, like another *Jobson*, is by no means sparing in the use of his *strap*.

Miss Letitia Berne, the amiable pupil of her equally amiable aunt, had, previous to Mrs. Grimalkin's leaving England, married a footman, who, from *charity*, because a foreigner, had been taken into the house.

Our amiable heroine rejoiced to hear, upon enquiry, that her old friends, the Henleys, were again in a most comfortable and flourishing situation; and she wrote to them, promising soon to pay them a visit. Nor was the attentive Josephine, nor the faithful Rampart, by any means forgotten. The inhabitants of the Spanish cottage, and the supposed parents of Constance, were each, according to their deserts, liberally rewarded.

## CHAP. XVII.

Best object of the passion most divine!
What excellence can Nature show,
In all her various store below,
Whose charms may be compar'd to thine?

THE Earl of Howard, the young Nobleman who had behaved so humanely in France, and who was the particular friend of Velasco, had been some time back introduced to the Duchess of Ormond, where his society proved an agreeable acquisition. Coming in one morning, with a packet in his hand—

"This," said he, "I have just received from the East Indies; and, among other letters, I find one addressed to Captain Pembroke. The name struck me, as I think, my dear Sir," turning to the Duke, "I have heard you mention having a son there; if so, he must be in my brother's regiment, and that, I am sure it will give you pleasure to know, is under sailing orders for England."

The Duke instantly recognised the well-known hand of his deserving son George, and with joy read over his truly affectionate and satisfactory letter, which confirmed what Lord Howard had said respecting his return to England.

At length the blissful day arose that was to unite two of the happiest couples that ever entered the shrine of matrimony. The Marchioness, now the best beloved of wives,

wives, presented her picture, superbly set in brilliants, to Adeliza; as did Lady Anna her's to Constance.

As the Duke of Ormond entered the room where his family were assembled, he approached his mother, and kissed her cheek, as he hailed the propitious morn. Then affectionately taking his admirable Adeliza by the hand—

"Accept, dear Percy," said he, while his voice trembled with emotion, "my child. In committing my Adeliza to your protection, I give you the most convincing proof of the strength of my regard! May you be happy as a father can wish! If, in the character of a wife, she perform her duty, as she has unremittingly done as a daughter, I can speak no higher praise."

Percy knelt down on one knee, as he received the invaluable gift.

"This," said he, pressing the fair hand gracefully to his lips, "I accept and embrace with heartfelt gratitude, as the choicest gift of indulgent Heaven."

The Duke hung over them, and blessed them, while tears of tranquil joy stole down Adeliza's beautiful face. Turning to the Duke Altimira, who had been an interested spectator of this important preparatory scene—

"My friend, my dear Velasco," said he, "without one alloying fear, I commit my artless and innocent Constance to your protection! In her love, may you be completely blessed! She, sweet girl! has never, like her younger sister, been exposed to danger and difficulty; the only uneasiness she has endured, has arisen from her regard for you! She is the pure and spotless child of simplicity and truth!

Guard

Guard her from the snares of the world, which you, alas! have been too well acquainted with; for she is ignorant of its treachery.—Constance, my beloved child! to Velasco (for you love him best by that name) look up as your dearest, most deserving friend, and protector! Consult him in all you do, and confide your most secret thoughts to his bosom; then can you have nothing to dread from the snares of the world, and I shall, in God's good time, go down to my grave in peace, with gratitude and holy hope!"

"Oh!" said Constance, weeping, "how earnest shall be my endeavour to merit the love and approbation of you, my highly venerated father!—Velasco," added she, artlessly taking his hand, and with her eyes earnestly fixed on his, "will you

answer

answer for me? You know how fervently I love you!"

Inexpressibly affected, he replied to the sweet maid, in the tenderest, the most grateful language.

Lady Anna and Lady Margaret Surrey were bridemaids; Count Julian and Lord Howard were of the bridal party. Joy filled each heart, and gratitude glowed in every breast.

Our amiable heroine had the pleasing consciousness of having, to the extent of her power, under every misfortune and trial that had befallen her, uniformly endeavoured to act as duty directed; ever keeping in the exact path of virtue and honour. This recollection was so gratifying to her mind, so soothing to her heart, that the beams of self-approbation, reflected

from

from that pure source, spread themselves over her angelic countenance, with a radiance that rendered her beauty almost too dazzling to be beheld with steadiness. Such, Oh *Virtue* and *Religion!* are thy ornamental, thy blessed *effects!*

Soon after, Lady Catherine Surrey gave her hand to Lord Hinchinbrook, and Miss Fortescue her's to the Count Julian. Sir Armine Temple continued to flutter about, a general admirer of beauty; but never, after Adeliza's rejection of him, could he think of marriage.

The amiable Marchioness Almanza accompanied her dear Lord into Spain, where they remained two years, when the Duke Garcias, dying a most sincere penitent, left them the whole of his vast possessions, excepting a few legacies to their family, and a considerable one to the truly benevolent

benevolent Father La Merci; who, with true Christian zeal and piety, had unremittingly endeavoured to minister to the relief of the sickened conscience of the contrite Duke. Having witnessed his last moments, the good man returned to the Convent, which he had, with the Superior's concurrence, for a time left; because duty commanded, and charity prompted obedience to the call.

The Marquis and Marchioness, as soon as matters were arranged, returned to their favourite country, England. Lord Howard married the elegant Lady Anna, with the full approbation of all friends, who, to say the utmost that 'tis possible, was deserving of so rich a prize.

George, the Duke of Ormond's son, proved all a father's heart could wish or desire. His conduct, when absent from his

his native land, had been such as to merit the highest approbation of his Colonel, who did ample justice to the merit of his young friend.

Velasco, the happy Duke Altimira, disposed of all his Spanish property, excepting the old chateau, and fixed his constant residence in England. Taught steady prudence by the disasters of the early part of his life, Constance, the child of artless innocence, continued to find in him a tender friend, a protecting guide, and the kindest, best of husbands.

The Duke of Ormond, in the felicity of his three equally beloved children, felt satisfied to the fullest extent of a father's wishes; living to see his lovely grandchildren prattling round his knee.

And, to complete the blissful scene, that happiness, so richly merited by our interesting

interesting heroine, she abundantly enjoyed. As the adored wife of the grateful and enraptured Lord Richmond, she felt she had not a wish ungratified. When with wonder this amiable pair looked back to those hardships and dangers they had surmounted —when Conscience gave her prompt and approving testimony that their virtues, from every trial, had arisen with additional splendour, no earthly happiness could surpass, if equal, that experienced in the fullest degree by this highly favoured, as deserving pair.

FINIS.

LANE, MINERVA-PRESS, LEADENHALL-STREET.